# THE MAY BOOK

Compiled by MRS. ARIA.

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1903

# THE MAY BOOK

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I am sending you a
photograph of my bust
of Queen Victoria.
It is the last bust
for which the late
Majesty gave sittings.
Faithfully yours
E. Onslow Ford

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# THE

# MAY BOOK

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## COMPILED BY MRS. ARIA

## IN AID OF

## CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

"The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers"

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## *THE FIRST WORD*

*Let mine be the first word in this book, and let it be one of appreciation for the assistance that has been given to me in its compilation; let me tender thanks to all the famous men and women of Art and Letters who have so generously given its contents, and have thus, while assisting the cause of charity, granted me the privilege of realising that the great are the good.*

*Then let me add an acknowledgment of the liberality of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the Lithographers, the Photographers, the Printers, and the Paper Manufacturers; and finally, let me thank Mr. William Heinemann for his invaluable counsel, and Mr. Marion H. Spielmann for his contributions and help; and then, since asking of favours has become a habit so pleasantly confirmed in me by success, I shall appeal to the public to buy this book in its thousands, and thus help me to accentuate my gratitude to its contributors, and add to the much-needed funds of the Charing Cross Hospital.*

*E. ARIA.*

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Edmund Gosse
Sarah Grand
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Brandon Thomas
Mrs. Thomas Henry Huxley
Richard le Gallienne

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# The Saint's Afternoon

By

## Henry James

BEFORE and above all was the sense that, with the narrow limits of past adventure, I had never yet had such an impression of what the summer could be in the south or the south in the summer; but I promptly found it, for the occasion, a good fortune that my terms of comparison were restricted. It was really something, at a time when the stride of the traveller had become as long as it was easy, when the seven-league boots positively hung, for frequent use, in the closet of the most sedentary, to have kept one's self so innocent of strange horizons that the Bay of Naples in June might still seem quite final. That picture struck me—a particular corner of it at least, and for many reasons—as the last word; and it is this last word that comes back to me, after a short interval, in a green, grey, northern nook, and offers me again its warm, bright, golden meaning before it also inevitably catches the chill. Too precious, surely, for us not to suffer it to help us as it may is the faculty of putting together again in an order the sharp minutes and hours that the wave of time has been as ready to pass over as the salt sea to wipe out the letters and words your stick has traced in the sand. Let me, at any rate, recover a sufficient number of such signs to make a sort of sense.

# The May Book

## I

Far aloft on the great rock was pitched, as the first note, and indeed the highest, of the wondrous concert, the amazing creation of the friend who had offered me hospitality, and whom more almost than I had ever envied any one anything, I envied the privilege of being able to reward a heated, artless pilgrim with a revelation of effects so incalculable. There was none but the loosest prefigurement as the creaking and puffing little boat, which had conveyed me only from Sorrento, drew closer beneath the prodigious island—beautiful, horrible, and haunted—that does most, of all the happy elements and accidents, towards making the Bay of Naples, for the study of composition, a lesson in the grand style. There was only, above and below, through the blue of the air and sea, a great confused shining of hot cliffs and crags and buttresses, a loss, from nearness, of the splendid couchant outline and the more comprehensive mass, and an opportunity—oh, not lost, I assure you—to sit and meditate, even moralise, on the empty deck, while a happy brotherhood of American and German tourists, including, of course, many sisters, scrambled down into little waiting, rocking tubs, and, after a few strokes, popped systematically into the small orifice of the Blue Grotto. There was an appreciable moment when they were all lost to view in that receptacle, the daily "psychological" moment during which it must so often befall the recalcitrant observer on the deserted deck to find himself aware of how delightful it might be if none of them should come out again. The charm, the fascination of the idea is not a little—though also not wholly—in the fact that, as the wave rises over the aperture, there is the most encouraging appearance that they perfectly may not. There it is. There is no more of them. It is a case to which nature has, by the neatest stroke and with the best taste in the world, just quietly attended.

Beautiful, horrible, haunted: that is the essence of what, about itself, Capri says to you—dip again into your Tacitus and see why; and yet, while you roast a little under the awning and in the vaster shadow, it is not because the trail of Tiberius is ineffaceable that you are most uneasy. The trail of Germanicus in Italy to-day ramifies further and bites perhaps even deeper; a proof of which is, precisely, that his eclipse in the Blue Grotto is inexorably brief, that here he is, popping out again,

bobbing enthusiastically nearer, scrambling triumphantly back. The spirit, in truth, of his effective appropriation of Capri has a broad-faced candour against which there is no standing up, supremely expressive as it is of the familiar "love that kills," of the fatal susceptibility of the race. If I were to let myself, however, incline to *that* aspect of the serious case of Capri I should embark on strange depths. The straightness and simplicity, the classic, synthetic directness of the German passion for Italy, make this passion probably the sentiment in the world that is in the act of supplying enjoyment in the largest, sweetest mouthfuls; and there is something unsurpassably marked in the way that on this irresistible shore it has seated itself to ruminate and digest. It keeps the record in its own loud accents; it breaks out in the folds of the hills and on the crests of the crags into every manner of symptom and warning. Huge advertisements and portents stare across the bay; the acclivities bristle with breweries and "restorations" and with great ugly Gothic names. I hasten, of course, to add that some such general consciousness as this may well oppress, under any sky, at the century's end, the brooding tourist who makes himself a prey by staying anywhere "behind" when the gong sounds. It is behind, in the track and the reaction, that he least makes out the end of it all, perceives that to visit any one's country for any one's sake is more and more to find some one quite other in possession. No one, least of all the brooder himself, is in his own.

## II

I certainly, at any rate, felt the force of this truth when, on scaling the general rock with the eye of apprehension, I made out at a point much nearer its summit than its base the gleam of a dizzily-perched white sea-gazing front which I knew for my particular landmark and which promised so much that it would have been welcome to keep even no more than half. Let me instantly say that it kept still more than it promised, and by no means least in the way of leaving far below it the worst of the outbreak of restorations and breweries. There is a road at present to the upper village, with which till recently communication was all by rude steps cut in the rock and diminutive donkeys scrambling on the flints; one of those fine flights of construction which the great road-

making "Latin races" take, wherever they prevail, without advertisement or bombast; and even while I followed along the face of the cliff its climbing consolidated ledge, I asked myself how I could think so well of it without consistently thinking better still of the temples of beer so obviously destined to adorn its terminus. The perfect answer to that was of course that the brooding tourist is never bound to be consistent. What happier law for him than this very one, precisely, when on at last alighting, high up in the blue air, to stare and gasp and almost disbelieve, he embraced little by little the beautiful truth particularly, on this occasion, reserved for himself, and took in the stupendous picture? For here above all had the thought and the hand come from far away—even from *ultima Thule*, and yet were in possession triumphant and acclaimed. Well, all one could say was that the way they had felt their opportunity, the rare conditions of the place, spoke of the advantage of some such intellectual perspective as a remote original standpoint alone perhaps can give. If what had finally, with infinite patience, passion, labour, taste, got itself done there, was like some supreme reward of an old dream of Italy, something perfect after long delays, was it not verily in *ultima Thule* that the vow would have been piously enough made and the germ tenderly enough nursed? For a certain art of asking of Italy all she can give, you must doubtless either be a rare *raffiné* or a rare genius, a sophisticated Norseman or just a Gabriele d'Annunzio.

All she can give appeared to me, assuredly, for that day and the following, gathered up and unrolled there: in the wondrous cluster and dispersal of chambers, corners, courts, galleries, arbours, arcades, long white ambulatories and vertiginous points of view. The greatest charm of all perhaps was that, thanks to the particular conditions, she seemed to abound, to overflow, in directions in which I had never yet enjoyed the chance to see her so at ease. The important thing was therefore, in observation, in reflection, to press the opportunity hard, to recognise that as the abundance was splendid, so, by the same stroke, it was immensely suggestive. It dropped into one's lap, naturally, at the end of an hour or two, the little white flower of its formula: the brooding tourist, in other words, could only continue to brood till he had made out in a measure, as I may say, what was so wonderfully the matter with him. He was simply then in the presence, more than ever yet, of the possible poetry of the personal and social life of the south, and the fun would depend much —as occasions are fleeting—on his arriving in time, in the interest of that

imagination which is his only field of sport, at adequate new notations of it. The sense of all this, his obscure and special fun in the general bravery, mixed, on the morrow, with the long, human hum of the bright, hot day and filled up the golden cup with questions and answers. The feast of St. Antony, the patron of the upper town, was the one thing in the air, and of the private beauty of the place, there on the narrow shelf, in the shining, shaded loggias and above the blue gulfs, all comers were to be made free.

## III

The church-feast of its saint is of course for Anacapri, as for any self-respecting Italian town, the great day of the year, and the smaller the small "country," in native parlance, as well as the simpler, accordingly, the life, the less the chance for leakage, on other pretexts, of the stored wine of loyalty. This pure fluid, it was easy to feel overnight, had not sensibly lowered its level; so that nothing indeed, when the hour came, could well exceed the outpouring. All up and down the Sorrentine promontory the early summer happens to be the time of the saints, and I had just been witness there of a week on every day of which one might have travelled, through kicked-up clouds and other demonstrations, to a different hot holiday. There had been no bland evening that, somewhere or other, in the hills or by the sea, the white dust and the red glow didn't rise to the dim stars. Dust, perspiration, illumination, conversation—these were the regular elements. "They're very civilised," a friend who knows them as well as they can be known had said to me of the people in general; "plenty of fireworks and plenty of talk—that's all they ever want." That they were "civilised"—on the side on which they were most to show—was therefore to be the word of the whole business, and nothing could have, in fact, had more interest than the meaning that for the thirty-six hours I read into it.

Seen from below and diminished by distance, Anacapri makes scarce a sign, and the road that leads to it is not traceable over the rock; but it sits at its ease on its high, wide table, of which it covers—and with picturesque southern culture as well—as much as it finds convenient. As much of it as possible was squeezed all the morning, for St. Antony, into the piazzetta before the church, and as much more into that edifice as the

robust odour mainly prevailing there allowed room for. It was the odour that was in prime occupation, and one could only wonder how so many men, women and children could cram themselves into so much smell. It was surely the smell, thick and resisting, that was least successfully to be elbowed. Meanwhile the good saint, before he could move into the air, had, among the tapers and the tinsel, the opera-music and the pulpit poundings, bravely to snuff it up. The shade outside was hot, and the sun was hot ; but we waited as densely for him to come out, or rather to come "on," as the pit at the opera waits for the great tenor. There were people from below and people from the mainland, and people from Pomerania and a brass band from Naples. There were other figures at the end of longer strings—strings that, some of them indeed, had pretty well given way and were now but little snippets trailing in the dust. Oh, the queer sense of the good old Capri of artistic legend, of which the name itself was, in the more benighted years—years of the contadina and the pifferaro—a bright evocation. Oh, the echo, on the spot, of each romantic tale. Oh, the loafing painters, so bad and so happy, the conscious models, the vague personalities ! The "beautiful Capri girl" was, of course, not missed, though not perhaps so beautiful as in her ancient glamour; which none the less didn't at all exclude the probable presence—with *his* legendary light quite undimmed—of the English lord in disguise who will at no distant date marry her. The whole thing was there ; one held it in one's hand.

The saint comes out at last, borne aloft in long procession and under a high canopy: a rejoicing, staring, smiling saint, openly delighted with the one happy hour in the year on which he may take his own walk. Frocked and tonsured, but not at all macerated, he holds in his hand a small wax puppet of an infant Jesus and shows him to all their friends, to whom he nods and bows : to whom, in the dazzle of the sun, he literally seems to grin and wink, while his litter sways and his banners flap and every one gaily greets him. The ribbons and draperies flutter, and the white veils of the marching maidens, the music blares and the guns go off, and the chants resound, and it is all as holy and merry and noisy as possible. The procession—down to the delightful little tinselled and bare-bodied babies, miniature St. Antonys irrespective of sex, led or carried by proud papas or brown grandsires—includes so much of the population that you marvel there is such a muster to look on—like the charades given in a family in which every one wants to act. But it is all

indeed, in a manner, one house, the little high-niched island community, and nobody therefore, even in the presence of the head of it, puts on an air of solemnity. Singular and suggestive before everything else is the absence of any approach to our notion of the posture of respect, and this among people whose manners in general strike us as so good and, in particular, as so cultivated. The office of the saint—of which the festa is but the annual reaffirmation — involves not the faintest attribute of remoteness or mystery.

While, with my friend, I waited for him, we went for coolness into the second church of the place, a considerable and bedizened structure, with the rare curiosity of a wondrous pictured pavement of majolica, the garden of Eden done in large coloured tiles or squares, with every beast, bird and river, and a brave *diminuendo*, in especial, from portal to altar, of perspective, so that the animals and objects of the foreground are big and those of the successive distances differ with much propriety. Here in the sacred shade the old women were knitting, gossiping, yawning, shuffling about ; here the children were romping and "larking" ; here, in a manner, were the open parlour, the nursery, the kindergarten and the conversazione of the poor. This is everywhere the case by the southern sea. I remember, near Sorrento, a wayside chapel that seemed the scene of every function of domestic life, including cookery and others. The odd thing is that it all appears to interfere so little with that special civilised note—the note of manners—which is so constantly touched. It is barbarous to expectorate in the temple of your faith, but that doubtless is an extreme case. Is civilisation really measured by the number of things people do respect? There would seem to be much evidence against it. The oldest societies, the societies with most traditions, are naturally not the least ironic, the least *blasées*, and the African tribes who take so many things into account that they fear to quit their huts at night are not the fine flower.

## IV

Where, on the other hand, it was impossible not to feel to the full all the charming *riguardi*—to use their own good word—in which our friends *could* abound, was, in the afternoon, in the extraordinary temple of art and hospitality that had been benignantly opened to me. Hither,

from three o'clock to seven, all the world, from the small, in particular, to the smaller and the smallest, might freely flock, and here, from the first hour to the last, the huge straw-bellied flasks of purple wine were tilted for all the thirsty. They were many, the thirsty, they were three hundred, they were unending; but the draughts they drank were neither countable nor counted. This boon was dispensed in a long, pillared portico, where everything was white and light save the blue of the great bay as it played up from far below or as you took it in, between shining columns, with your elbows on the parapet. Sorrento and Vesuvius were over against you; Naples, farthest off, melted, in the middle of the picture, into shimmering vagueness and innocence; and the long arm of Posilippo and the presence of the other islands, Procida, the stricken Ischia, made themselves felt to the left. The grand air of it all was in one's very nostrils and seemed to come from sources too numerous and too complex to name. It was antiquity in solution, with every brown, mild figure, every note of the old speech, every tilt of the great flask, every shadow cast by every classic fragment, adding its touch to the impression. What was the secret of the surprising amenity?—to the essence of which one got no nearer than simply by feeling afresh the old story of the deep interfusion of the present with the past. You had felt that often before, and all that could, at the most, help you now was that, more than ever yet, the present appeared to become again really classic, to sigh with strange elusive sounds of Virgil and Theocritus. Heaven only knows how little these spirits would in truth have had to say to it, but we yield to such visions as we must, and when the imagination fairly turns in its pain almost any soft name is good enough to soothe it.

It threw such difficulties but a step back to say that the secret of the amenity was "style"; for what in the world was the secret of style, which you might have followed up and down the abysmal old Italy for so many a year only to be still vainly calling for it? Everything, at any rate, that happy afternoon, in that place of poetry, was bathed and blessed with it. The castle of Barbarossa had been on the height behind; the villa of black Tiberius had overhung the immensity from the right; the white arcades and the cool chambers offered to every step some sweet old "piece" of the past, some rounded porphyry pillar supporting a bust, some shaft of pale alabaster upholding a trellis, some mutilated marble image, some bronze that had roughly resisted. Our host, if we came to that, had the secret; but he could only express it in grand practical ways.

One of them was precisely this wonderful "afternoon tea," in which tea only—*that*, good as it is, has never the note of style—was not to be found. The beauty and the poetry, at all events, were clear enough, and the extraordinary uplifted distinction; but where, in all this, it may be asked, was the element of "horror" that I have spoken of as sensible?—what obsession that was not charming could find a place in that splendid light, out of which the long summer squeezes every secret and shadow? I fear I am driven to plead that these evils were exactly in one's imagination, a predestined victim always of the cruel, the fatal historic sense. To make so much distinction, how much history had been needed!—so that the whole air still throbbed and ached with it, as with an accumulation of ghosts to whom the very climate was pitiless, condemning them to blanch for ever in the general glare and grandeur, offering them no dusky northern nook, no place at the friendly fireside, no shelter of legend or song.

## V

My friend had, among many original relics, in one of his white galleries—and how he understood the effect and the "value" of whiteness!—two or three reproductions of the finest bronzes of the Naples museum, the work of a small band of brothers whom he had found himself justified in trusting to deal with their problem honourably and to bring forth something as different as possible from the usual compromise of commerce. They had brought forth, in especial, for him, a copy of the young resting, slightly-panting Mercury which it was a pure delight to live with, and they had come over from Naples on St. Antony's eve, as they had done the year before, to report themselves to their patron, to keep up good relations, to drink Capri wine and to join in the tarantella. They arrived late, while we were at supper; they received their welcome and their billet, and I am not sure it was not the conversation and the beautiful manners of these obscure young men that most fixed in my mind for the time the sense of the side of life that, all around, was to come out strongest. It would be artless, no doubt, to represent them as high types of innocence or even of energy—at the same time that, weighing them against some of our own rough diamonds, we might perhaps have made bold to place their share even of these

qualities in the scale. It was an impression indeed, never infrequent in Italy, of which I might, in these days, first have felt the force during a stay, just earlier, with a friend at Sorrento—a friend who had good-naturedly "had in," on his wondrous terrace, after dinner, for the pleasure of the gaping alien, the usual local quartette, violins, guitar and flute, the musical barber, the musical tailor, sadler, joiner, humblest sons of the people and exponents of Neapolitan song. Neapolitan song, as we know, has been blown well about the world, and it is late in the day to arrive with a ravished ear for it. That, however, was scarcely at all, for me, the question: the question, on the Sorrento terrace, as high up in the cool Capri night, was of the present outlook, in the world, for the races with whom it has been a tradition, in intercourse, positively to please.

The personal civilisation, for intercourse, of the musical barber and tailor, of the pleasant young craftsmen of my other friend's company, was something that could be trusted to make the brooding tourist brood afresh—to say more to him in fact, all the rest of the second occasion, than everything else put together. The happy address, the charming expression, the indistinctive discretion, the complete eclipse, in short, of vulgarity and brutality—these things easily became among these people the supremely suggestive note, begetting a hundred hopes and fears as to the place that, with the present general turn of affairs about the globe, is being kept for them. They are perhaps what the races politically feeble have still most to contribute—but what appears to be the happy prospect for the races politically feeble? And so the afternoon waned, among the mellow marbles and the pleasant folk—the purple wine flowed, the golden light faded, song and dance grew free and circulation slightly embarrassed. But the great impression remained and finally was exquisite. It was all purple wine, all art and song, and nobody a grain the worse. It was fireworks and conversation—the former, in the piazzetta, were to come later; it was civilisation and amenity. I took in the greater picture, but I lost nothing else; and I talked with the contadini about antique sculpture. No, nobody was a grain the worse; and I had plenty to think of. So it was I was quickened to remember that we others, we of my own country, as a race politically *not* weak, had—by what I had somewhere just heard—opened "three hundred 'saloons'" at Manilla.

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*From a Photograph by F. Hollyer*

Study of a Head

By Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, Bart.

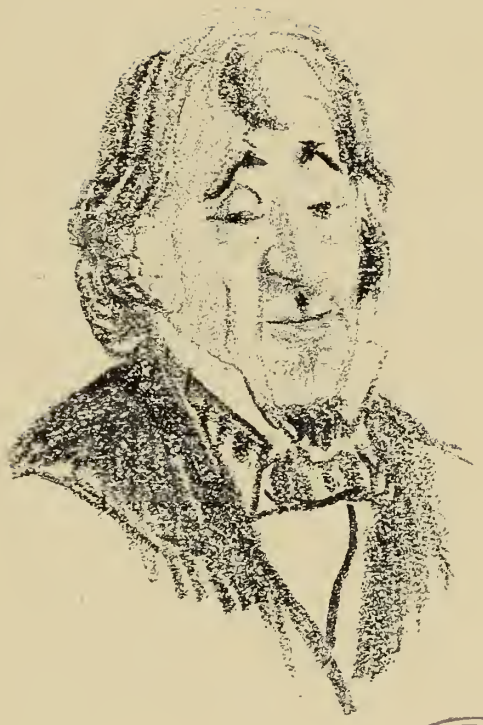
# Angel Court

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right,
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court!

AUSTIN DOBSON.



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*Contributed by Marion H. Spielmann*

Lord Beaconsfield

By Randolph Caldecott

# Painting and Story-Telling

## An Idle Gossip

By

## Egerton Castle

THE place where I do my work is a long apartment; two rooms thrown together, brown-panelled, lighted at either end by wide small-paned windows, shaded by sap-green translucent curtains. The sturdy brown and the youthful green of woodlands: such is the effect that meets the eye everywhere. Brown book-cases display in serried ranks, tier over tier from floor to ceiling, the most heterogeneous collection of books conceivable. A few oil pictures—a Turner, a Morland, a Vandervelde, a Berghem and sundry portraits, divide the scant remaining space with trophies of "cold steel" and a long engraving of bygone London: Visscher's panorama, to wit, most harmoniously smoked during the flight of centuries. Over the mantel-shelf, in solitude, Michael Angelo's *Pensieroso* eternally muses in bronze.

Round and about me, within these brown walls, almost every chattel speaks of the "old younger days." They have acquired by long mutual association the special physiognomy which now pleases my fancy so well. They are symbolic of character, of inveterate tastes—among which delight in the silent companionship of books and in much fantastic day-dreaming is the most pronounced.

# Painting and Story-Telling

Some time ago was mooted the question of having a picture painted of this den of mine. I should say that the pretext was a portrait—has not indeed many a man had his portrait painted for the love of the horse he rides, or of the hound at his feet, or of the new uniform on his back? But, mere pretext as it was, this human figure had to be taken into consideration; and it sadly limited the scope of the original idea.

Thereupon, between the Limner and the Dweller in the Room arose a mighty parley over the composition. The first consideration, of course, was the general tone: the restful silent brown and green as aforesaid, which was to be cunningly enhanced by certain "high lights," by a certain disposition of suggestive "darks." And the central figure, a musing, writing fellow—obviously given to too much musing and too little writing—was to be brought into harmony with the spirit of the scheme. Moreover, within the limits of canvas, room was to be found for especial treasures: the vellum-bound tomes of once Royal ownership (spoil of a glorious day's raid over the borders of ancient bookland); the *Barbedienne* bronze, picked up at an Art sale in delicious defiance of a low bank account; the massive standish, legacy of one beloved; the pipe of Hungary, gift of an old friend . . . *que scais-je!* (The brass tobacco-jar, a most wise and melancholy owl with glass eyes of hypnotic fascination, was, with many another cherished chattel, stoutly refused admission. . . . *Eheu!* even on canvas, their owner still mourns their companionship.)

"Why," said the Writer, "'tis as ticklish a business as the planning of a tale!"

The Limner assented: "Why; yes. A picture should always be the telling of a story."

How true, it struck me, is the converse of this golden rule!

Some men, with a reflective bent for comparison—that faculty which Gall tells us dwells in the brain between the twin-organs of causality—have a singular discrimination for differences. I have the greater tendency myself, to trace likenesses. Both inclinations, by the way—and only surface is the paradox—start from the same faculty.

During the growth of this Work of Art, which had so intimate an interest for me, the similarity between the building up of a story in tones with brush and pigment, and a picture in words with pen and ink, impressed me at every stage as more complete.

There are, I understand, broadly two ways of setting about a painting. Some, it appears, complete their scheme in line ; draw everything "right away" (my informant hails from the other side of the Atlantic) ; fill in with colour ; polish up, and so to completion. Nothing tentative, no experiment with this effect or that !

A number of writers there are, in the same manner, who have their tale—joy, sorrow, passion, every accident of circumstance, almost every speech of every character—ready cut and dried in their minds before they dip their quill into the ink dish to set down complacently the opening phrase of *Chapter I.* Distinctly one class of artistic temperament.

Not of this class is my particular Rembrandt. (Neither, unfortunately, is his sitter.)

First, on the fair surface of the canvas he flung, with a noble prodigality at which I held my breath, various masses of clouds, hued of the desired tone but duller of pitch ; and, with extended arm, supple wrist, with occasional sweep of masterly thumb, defined the main relations of brown and green and what was to be bronze or vellum or living flesh. Suddenly, in these mists appeared—I could hardly tell how, though even at that moment I watched over his shoulder—a sudden luminosity ; and here indubitably was the lamp shedding light on the whole.

The Limner paused and smiled : "I think that is our general idea," he said contentedly.

I stepped back to view from the distance that should lend the right enchantment, and lo ! chaos assumed shape, the provinces of light and shade mapped themselves out with their debateable marches. There, though dim as yet as dreamland, certainly was the corner of my library by lamp-light ; there also was my astral self in the very act, it seemed, of reincarnation. A most inspiring vision in its mysterious promise !

In course of subsequent hours, from these harmonious shapely vapours separated themselves the elements of the little world. With marvellous promptness the nebulæ became segregated and solidified ; stood in contrast and opposition to each other. It was like the figures of friends emerging from a fog.

But here we came to a pause. With the question of detail a wide field of choice spread before artist and model. Hesitation replaced bold confidence. Should the lamp-light play upon a pensive or an alert eye ; on the bland brow of an optimistic philosopher, or the pregnant frown of

a student? The Man had suddenly begun to assume chief importance—and, I confess, even I felt the matter deserved attention.

It was at this period that an eye appeared in his face. . . . That eye! It haunted the sitter even in his sleep: it filled the painter himself with gloom. Fortunately there was a remedy: that eye glared but for twenty-four hours.

We spent some anxious moments, wasted some hours. But all at once, as if touched by a fresh inspiration, the Man began to live: there came at last speculation in his glance of the sort desired; bone and muscle revealed themselves underneath his skin. The whole figure grew into relief from the background.

But alas! my den and its treasures were proportionately receding into scenic insignificance: it was inevitable! Yet, a glint upon the bronze Thinker, a gay gleam on this gilt-tooled volume here, and a subtle patch of crimson on that other, a flash of light upon the green silk fold of the curtain, a note as of a cool spring foliage . . . and I could not but admit that right telling of the particular story at hand was artistically complete in all essentials. True, indeed, much was left out the narration of which had originally been fancied, but was it not all more aptly present by mere suggestion? The painter had not, as the fastidious Japanese canon has it, "spoilt all by telling all." He had nursed the broad effect and showed that reticence of strength which speeds the beholder's imagination on the right road and invites its co-operation.

How often, in the same manner, has the writer to sacrifice even his most favourite imaginings in the service of his main idea! Few readers of "mere fiction" realise that the scenes unfolded to the mind's eye are but a tithe of those originally rehearsed on the airy stage of their creator's fancy; that those enacted in the printed page have in most cases been "cut" over and over again under his critical stage-management. Yet the spirit of all that is left unspoken dwells with the rest, if so it be that the tale is well told: the absent episodes are, unconsciously, supplied by the reader.

As on Canvas the picture resolves itself out of the vague alluring chaos, faithful in every item to the selected tone and scheme, so in the Book must the story unfold itself, each accessory in harmony with the main idea, whether romantic and vigorous, or dreamily poetical; whether pathetic or humorous; or yet passionate, with the fierce beating

light of great crises—each episode a "high light," each reticence a "dark."

But I am not for learned discussion: rather for idle gossip as I sit for this picture. And I have learned by experience the danger of riding that tricksy jade, Simile, too far and too hard. Moreover, the further one pushes comparisons the more one is apt to strike against points of difference. How seldom, for instance—even as in nature the full-blown plant retains little that recalls the first shoot of the seedling—does in a tale the original scheme survive in its entirety.

This, and the manner in which characters *will* develop of themselves; in which, as in real life, a sudden incident *will* leap into fatal importance and alter the whole preordained course of events; for

> The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft agley!

these things are among the mysteries of the craft. They remain at once the despair and the triumph of the fictionist. It is often as impossible for him to forecast truly from the *idée-mère* of his story what it will prove at its coming of age, as for the parent to dictate the character of the unborn child.

Plan the course of your tale as solicitously as you list, the accident of circumstances and the working of Fate (represented in fiction by the chain of suggestion and the requirements of logic) will move it ever and anon into unknown channels, even to the lip of unsuspected chasms. The "mutual interdependence of things," the "Zusammenhang der Dinge" (to use the fascinating title of one of Hoffmann's fantasies), will assert itself on paper as in the world. Many a tale which was schemed in "sentiment" develops into a humorous creature: many another, starting in light-hearted mood irresistibly ends in tears. The life currents of fiction, in fact, cannot be checked any more than the current of real life, or they become dead waters by the way. The born soldier *may* have been intended for the Church at one time; but he soon breaks through the fond barriers that would keep him to safe pastures, and rushes to join the stormy tides of life. His "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." And well for him: he might have made a deplorable curate!

It is this truth to the inner life that alone gives the power of conviction to the mere Tale.

Indeed the manner in which tales grow from the uncertain dimness of first conception, through all sorts of hardly recognisable shapes, to the final one which their creator at least deems worthy of permanence, is often a curious course to trace. It may perhaps be advanced that in most cases the embryo was "a dream which was not all a dream," a subtle mixture of fact and fancy. Be it a theme suggested by some actual occurrence, the writer may have grouped around it a number of picturesque "might-have-beens": outgrowths, consequences, side-light revelations. Or, conversely, be it a prime idea of purest fantasy, he may have made it plausible by cunningly devised surroundings supported by imaginary antecedents, strengthened by modern instances, and so forth.

"Where did you get that idea?"

How often is the question asked of the Romancer! Indiscreet it is on occasions; difficult to answer at all times. The *fons et origo* of "ideas" is of course as undiscoverable as that of life: we can only trace them up as far as the circumstance in which they first became manifest as images. The *motif* of a tale may often have been suggested by personal adventures and experience—hence the far-reaching indiscretion of the query. It may, as often as not, have been found in an actual dream.

We know how curiously original and plausible some dreams have a knack of being: how vivid can at times be the impression they leave. As Schiller says somewhere: "The soul, whilst the body slumbers, unfolds its radiant wings and travels, God knows where. What it does then, no man can assert—but at times *Inspiration* seems to betray the secret of its nocturnal peregrinations." In sleep-land we rush into strenuous, romantic situations, free from the shackles of daylight responsibility; and the remembrance of such dream-scenes is frequently as clear as real experiences; in fact, in the matter of emotion, they must be reckoned as real experiences. They become, therefore, meet stuff for the story-teller. With proper "manipulations" many of these wayward threads of fancy may be woven into a web of consequence, into a plausible and moving Tale.

And akin to this dream of sleep is the day-dream; especially that strangely vivid whirl of new ideas that accompanies an unwonted stirring of the senses. Let it be Music—voluptuous, or martial, or sacred: under its pulse the hitherto calmly rational mind will soar unexpectedly in

passional flight. Let it be some extraordinarily beautiful aspect of Nature, some marvel of colour in the heavens at set or rise of sun, some exquisite mystery of cloud or distance. Mark! the sails of Fancy are filled by new and prosperous airs, and away sails she over seas unknown. Strangest of all perhaps are the unattainable visions that some scents, like magic, will evoke : scents, most potent of all appeals to the senses, to revive long-effaced memories, and to create new expectations of beauty and new apprehensions of ecstacy :

Die of a rose in aromatic pain !

Your Eastern, lover of beautiful day-dreaming, knows the power of perfumes full well.

Thus, through the channels of mere senses, can the sluices be opened to unwonted streams of thought quite as mysterious as dreams themselves. And, as the eternal tendency of the mind is either to endeavour to bring down fleeting Fancy to finite form, or conversely to idealise the working of human passions, the most evanescent impression may give rise to some masterpiece of romance. This is not only true of pleasing emotions : what broods of black fancies, hitherto unguessed at, can be fathered on a single transient feeling of horror!

All this is what may be called Inspiration, as distinguished from the ready formed suggestions of outward events.

One of the conclusions I came to during those hours in which I sat, still and perforce meditative, was that it must, on the whole, be easier to be a successful painter than a successful teller of tales. (But, naturally, I refrained from communicating the information to the Limner.) If the artist has a good knowledge of his *technique*—and be it noted, technique can be learnt systematically, at Julien's or elsewhere, whereas no rhetorical treatise ever taught a man to write—if he has a correct eye for line and tone, he can almost do without Inspiration ; he can be satisfied with being the interpreter of themes ready set for him. But your Romancer, if he is to convince his hearers, must first have been moved himself by some breath of Inspiration. You may tell the Limner : " Paint me a picture to my desire—let the subject be this or that, its tone be light or sombre." But you cannot go to the Novelist and say : " Here is the subject I want—set you to work on it," and expect that he will bring you in due course a living thing. He may have a trick of style, a

nice knowledge of social life and the rest of it, but if his work is to find an echo in human hearts, it must be *spontaneous*. Therefore should the steam of the pot-boiler stink in one's nostrils! Therefore, also, is it that the hundreds of mechanical puppets (built by rule of thumb although fondly labelled "all alive" by their constructors) let loose every year in the world of fiction inevitably fall to pieces, after crawling about for a lesser or greater period according to the strength of their springs, and disappear, leaving not even a memory. A few indeed may be preserved; but it will be in the odd library corners, as curiosities illustrative of manners and customs—mere *gravures de modes*—for the reference of future ages, not because the puppets that display the fashion are in the least like human beings.

Inspiration, however, is not all. To receive the *afflatus* is not enough; one must be able to communicate it, to mould the proper material shape. Neither is power of observation of much use by itself. So much of critical faculty, of knowledge of the world; so much tolerance for human incompleteness, so much philosophy, must go to this embodiment if the story is to be true to human life, that it is easy to understand that, unlike poets, good novelists can rarely be very young men.

The more the pity of it: because youth is the time not merely of love, but of all joyous passions; of warm enthusiasm and noble indignation—of Inspiration in fine. The spring storms only shake the sap to the green of the leaf; the autumn winds strip the tree bare and show the hollowness of the land. Thus it is that youth is the poet's time, for he can give his message straight from his spirit as it were, and need not, like the story-teller, clothe it with every-day humanity.

The mere fact, by the way, of having to clothe his inspiration in the true mould of human life lays the novelist open to a special run of criticism.

"Why, this book," invariably cries some critic or other, "is upon the old, old theme!" forgetting that human passions run in old, old grooves; that the tragedy of the Garden of Eden repeats itself in the life of every son and daughter of Adam and Eve; that since the Creator made man of the dust of His already created earth, we are all of the same clay; that we can see but through our eyes; that in the spirit only can we be original. To my mind, to take up the eternal theme: two men and one woman, two women and one man, to work into it the eternal triad of conflicting

passions, Love, Hatred, and Ambition, and to give it a *new life*—therein lies the triumph!

There is really too little discrimination in the easy cry of plagiarism—atavism is as inevitable in literature as in all else. Without Chronicles and *Novellini* should we have had the Shakespeare we know? without the grand prose of the Bible, the poetry of Milton? without the Greek immortals, our own immortal Keats? without Molière, Dumas, Gautier, and Hugo, would the French have had the brightest star of their present literature, Edmond Rostand?

Moreover, even as we are all links in an endless chain of Tradition, so are we always subject to the immediate influence of our own age. Call it Fashion if you will: we must be in fashion, unconsciously, whether we like it or no. No more than the happy sons of the Renaissance could help being pagans at heart, can we help being the children of our century. Our very countenances are subject to this law, and may we not believe that the structures of our brains correspond? And then, because the story-teller is fain to dress up the old, old theme in the only way his century will allow, once more he will be warned by an overwrought "critic" that he lacks originality!

Yet let the writer comfort himself. What though fashions change, and the tone of men's garments vary; what though ladies' eyes be "worn languorous" as at a Restoration period, or candid and demure as in early days of a good Queen's reign, his work will endure, even though now little noticed in the throng of aforesaid mechanical puppets, if he has infused in it the breath of ideal life. This is the message of the ages, a truth which many a *chef d'œuvre*, recognised too late, has illustrated at once with poignant sorrow and high consolation.

But I have unconsciously changed my key—this is surely too deep a note on which to end an idle gossip!

Meanwhile the picture is finished.

Why, I vow this Limner also is a plagiarist! The lamplight actually throws Rembrandtesque shadows! And there is a distinct hint of that modern French fashion, in sloping perspective, which we associate with the work of Mr. Sargent!

But I refrain from telling the Limner so: no doubt it will be acidly enough pointed out to him in time by the critics.

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"Clearing Woods," Wye Valley

By Alfred Parsons

# Song

## In "La Reine Fiammette"

THE bees beseech the bashful flowers:
"O, open wide your scented bowers,
And lead us where the honey drips!"
Your kisses murmur on our lips
The song the bees sing to the flowers.

Impassioned April asks the snow:
"O crystals cold, when will you flow,
In molten tides beneath my beams!"
And love says to our hearts it seems
What April whispers to the snow.

The stars entreat the waning moon:
"Good-night, but come again, come soon
To light the adoring universe."
Your pleading eyes in ours rehearse
The cry the stars send to the moon.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

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Lady Marjorie Manners

Drawn by THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY

# An Appreciated Rupee

By

## Mrs. F. A. Steel

SHE was a poor Mahommedan widow, and lived in an unconceivable sort of burrow under the tall winding stair of a big tenement house, which in its turn was hidden away in a long, winding, sunless alley. The stair centred round a sort of shaft, barred at each storey by iron gratings, narrow enough to prevent even a child from falling through, yet wide enough to admit of refuse being thrown down. This shaft was, briefly, the rubbish shoot of the building, so that old Maimuna —who seldom left her seclusion till the evening—had, in passing to and fro, to step over quite a pile of radish parings, cauliflower stalks, fluff, rags, a whole day's sweepings and leavings of the folk higher up in the world than she.

And even when she reached the odd-shaped cell of a place whose only furniture consisted of a rickety bed with string-halt in two of its emaciated legs, a low stool and a spinning wheel, she was not free from her neighbours' off-scourings; for down the wall beside the low latticed window, where perforce she had to set her spinning wheel, crept a slimy black streak of sewage from above, which smelt horribly on its way to join the open drain in the middle of the alley. Yet here Maimuna Begam, Pathan-ni from Kasur, had lived for fifteen years of childless widowhood; lived far away from her home and people, too poor to rejoin them, too ignorant to hold her own among strangers. For she had been that most intolerable of interlopers—the wife of a man's old age. Not a

suitable wife bringing a dower into the family ; but one who, as a widow, might—unless the other heirs took active measures to prevent it—claim her portion of one-sixth for life. A wife, too, without a pretence of any position save that of the strictest seclusion ; a seclusion so untouched by modern latitude as to be in itself second-rate. Without good looks also, and married simply and solely because old Jehan Latif had fancied some quail curry which he had eaten when business called him to Kasur, and, as the best way of securing repetition of the delicacy, had married the compounder and carried her back to Lucknow ; where, to tell truth, he found more attractions in the cook than he had anticipated when he paid a good round sum for his middle-aged bride. For Maimuna was a good woman—kindly, gentle, pious—who had lived discreetly in her father's house, and helped to cook quail curry for that somewhat dissolute old swashbuckler ever since, as a girl of twelve, her husband had died before she had even seen him.

So, while she pounded the spices and boned the quails (since that was one of the refinements of the *bonne-bouche*) for old Jehan Latif, Maimuna used sometimes to think with a kind of wondering regret what life would have been like if the husband of her youth had not died of the measles ; but being conscientious she never allowed the tears to drop into the quail curry !

It was no carelessness of hers, therefore, which led to fat Jehan Latif falling into a fit shortly after partaking of the favourite dish which for ten years she had dutifully prepared for him. None the less his heirs (who had had all these years in which to cook their accounts of the matter) treated her as if it were. There is no need to enter into details. Those who know India know how unscrupulous heirs can oppress a lone woman ; a woman, ignorant, secluded, whose position as wife has from the first been cavilled at, resented, impugned. It is sufficient to say that Maimuna, after a few feeble protests, found herself in the little cell under the stairs, earning a few farthings by her spinning wheel, and thankful that her great skill at it kept her from that last resort of deserted womanhood in India—the quern. Even so, it was hard at times to wait till there was sufficient thread in the percentage she got back for her spinning, to make it worth while for the merchant to buy it from her, or for her to break in, by a cash transaction, on the curious succession of cotton bought, and thread returned, without a coin changing hands, which makes spinning so desperate a means of keeping soul and body

together. And this winter it was more desperate than ever, for the unusual cold made her fingers stiff, and sent shoots of rheumatism up her arm as she sate spinning in the ray of light which came in with the smell.

It was very cold indeed that New Year's afternoon, and Maimuna felt more than usually down-hearted; for there had been a death upstairs, and she knew that the stamping and shufflings she could hear coming rhythmically downwards over her head were the feet of those carrying a corpse. Now weary and worn as she was, Maimuna—between the fifties and sixties—did not yet feel inclined to fold her hands and give in. Even now it needed a very little thing to bring a smile to her face; and once, when a child had fallen down stairs, she had surprised the neighbours by her alert decision. So that when she heard girls' shrill voices in half-giggling alarm through her door—which was ajar—she guessed at the cause, and called to the owners to come in until the stairs should be clear.

One (a slip of a thing ten years old) she knew as the daughter of a gold thread worker higher up the stairs; the other (not more than five or six) was a stranger; a fat broad-faced morsel, with a stolid look, and something held very tight in one small chubby hand. She was dressed in the cleanest of new clothes, scanty of stuff but gay, with a yard or two of tinsel on her scrap of a veil. Maimuna paused in the whirr and hum of her wheel to look at the children wistfully: her own childlessness had always seemed a crime to her.

"It is Fatma, the penmaker's girl, *Mai*," said the gold-worker's daughter, patronisingly. "She is just back from the Missen School, where they have been having a big festival because it is the *sahib log's* big day."

"Tchuk," dissented the solemn-faced baby, clucking her tongue in emphatic denial. "It is not the Big Day. It is because *Malika* Victoria is—is—" The solemnity merged in confusion, finally into a sort of appealing defiance: "Is—is—*that*——"

She unclasped her fist, and held out a brand new shining silver two-anna bit. It was one of those struck when her Majesty the Queen assumed the Imperial title.

The gold-worker's daughter giggled. "She means Wictoria *Kaiser-i-hind*, you know. What the guns were about this morning. They are to go off every year, they say. That will be fun!"

"But why?" asked Maimuna, puzzled. Her life for close on five-and-thirty years had been spent in the cooking of quail curry and spinning of cotton—the very Mutiny had passed by unknown to her. She had heard vaguely of the Queen, and knew that it was Her head on the rupee which, despite the hard times, she always wore on a black silk skein round her neck, because she had worn it since her babyhood, when the parents of the boy who had died of the measles had sent it her; but what the Queen had to do with John Company Bahadar, or he to Her, was a mystery.

"Why," giggled the elder girl, "because She is going to be the King, and turn all the men out. That is what father says. He says She is sure to favour the women, and I think that will be fun. But Fatma knows it all. Come! dear one! Sing Maimuna that song the *miss sahibas* made the schools sing to-day. Sing it soft, close, close up to her ear, so that no one may hear it—for they don't like Fatma singing, you know, at home, *Mai:* it isn't respectable."

So, standing almost on tip-toe, steadying herself against Maimuna's arm by the hand which held the two-anna bit, Fatma began in a most unmelodious whisper to chant a Hindee version of "God save our Gracious Queen." The words as well as the tune were a difficulty to the fat, solemn-faced child, but the old woman sate listening and looking at the two-anna bit with a new interest, a new wonder in her weary eyes.

"Bismillah!" she said, half way through, when the gold-worker's daughter, becoming impatient, declared the corpse must have passed, and dragged Fatma off incontinently. "And she is a woman—only a woman!"

The girls paused at the door; the elder to nod and giggle, the younger to stand sedate and solemn, wagging one small forefinger backwards and forwards in negation.

"Tchuk! you shouldn't say that, *Mai!* Little girls are made of sugar and spice. It is little boys that are made nasty—the *miss* says so."

"She should not say so," faltered Maimuna aghast. The very idea was preposterous, upsetting her whole cosmogony; but when they had closed the door, she sate idle, too astonished to work. Then, suddenly, she took off the black silk hank with its precious rupee, and looked at the woman's head at the back.

It was a young woman there; young and unveiled—strange, incompre-

hensible! But that other on the two-anna bit had been an old woman more decently dressed, and with a crown on her head.

"Frustrate their knavish tricks."

Fatma's song returned to memory. So the Queen, too, had enemies; and yet She was *Kaiser-i-hind*, and, what is more, She made men like the gold thread worker upstairs tremble!

"On thee our hopes we fix!"

* * * * * * * *

Maimuna sat, and sat, and sat, looking at that rupee.

* * * * * * * *

It was a day or two after this that an English official was sitting smoking in his verandah, when he became aware of a whispered colloquy behind him. It was some one, no doubt, trying, through the red-coated orderly, to gain an audience of him; and he was newly back from office, tired, impatient, perhaps, of the hopelessness of doing justice always. So he took no notice till something roused him to a swift turn, a swifter question, "What's that, *chaprasi?*" *That* was the unmistakable chink of fallen silver, the unmistakable whirr of a running rupee, the unmistakable buzzing ring of its settling to rest. And there, midway between a giving and a taking hand, lay the rupee itself—the Queen's head uppermost.

"*Hazoor!*" explained the orderly, glibly, "your slave was virtuously refusing; he was sending this ill-bred one away. *Hat! budhi!* (old woman) *Hat!*"

But the sight of that head on the precious rupee which, after many heartsearchings, poor Maimuna had determined to risk in this effort to gain justice from a "*budhi*" like herself, whose enemies also had knavish tricks, brought courage to the old heart, and the old woman stood her ground.

"*Gharibparwar!*" she said quietly, with her best salaam—and in the old Pathan house they had taught manners if nothing else—"Little Fatma, the penmaker's daughter, says that Wictoria *Kaiser-i-hind* is an old woman

like me, and so I have fixed my hopes on her. There is my rupee. It is all I have, and I want my widow's portion."

* * * * * * * *

All this is true.

And she got it. It happened years ago, but the story is worth telling again to-day, when women can no longer sing "God save the Queen."

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"A Surly Lioness"

By J. T. NETTLESHIP

*To my dear little friend Miss Eva Albanesi*

# A Child's Evening Prayer

*Words by* MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. *Music by* F. PAOLO TOSTI.

*Moderato. molto legato.*

Lord, who liv - est in the skies, Kiss to sleep my tir - èd

keep'st the stars a - light Through the qui - et dark of

seest from a - bove, Make me worthy of Thy

*Moderato. molto legato.*

eyes; Let me float on plea - sant streams, Through a land of hap - py

night; Lord, who wak - est up the sun When the bus - y day's be-

love; And for - give me when I do A - ny - thing I ought not

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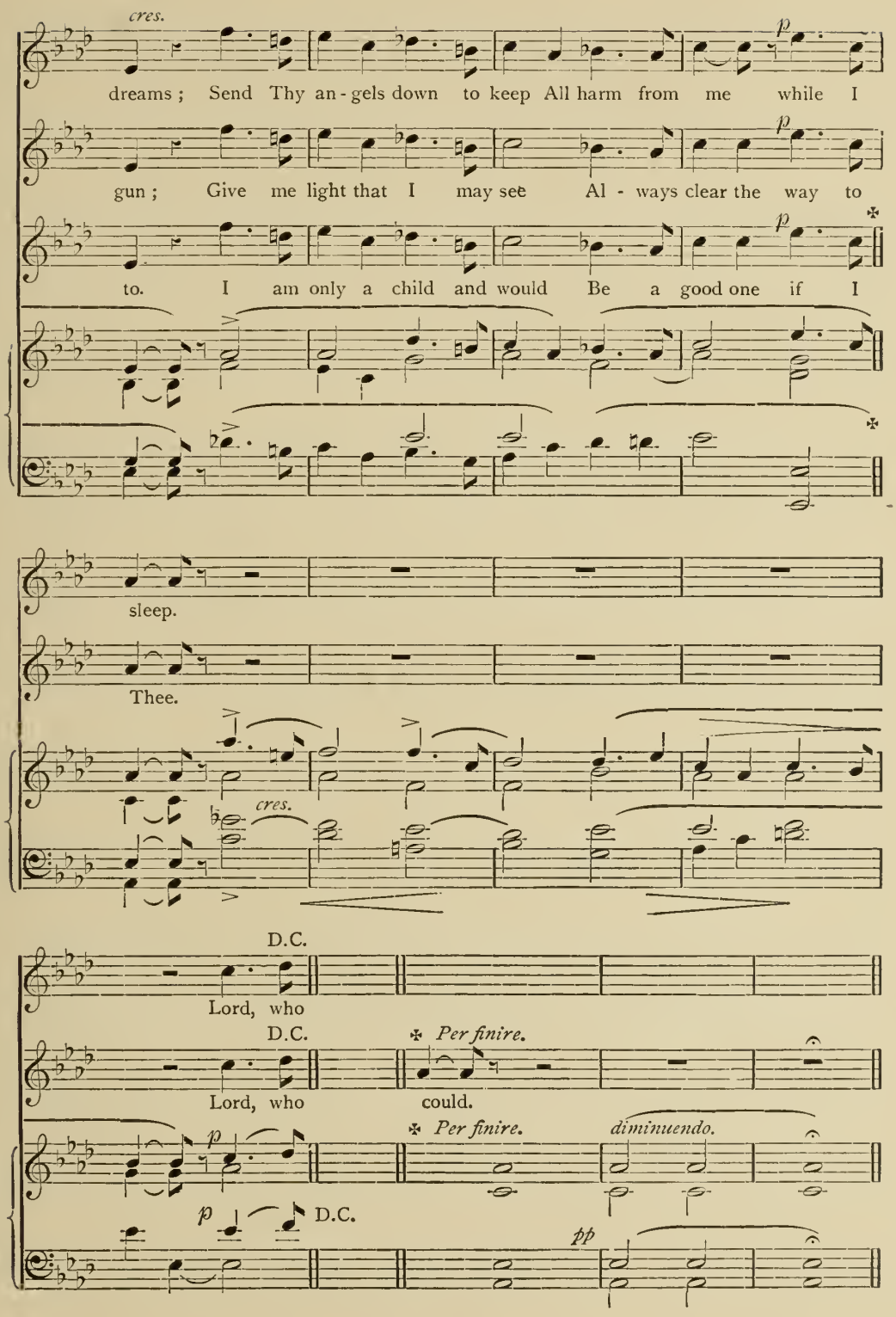
# A Child's Evening Prayer

POST
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# The "Jardin de ma Tante"

By

## Richard Pryce

I SAW a garden in the early autumn. Red walls enclosed it—made it, were part of it—and held the silence of it, and the music, the many colours of it, and a very *pot-pourri* of gracious scents.

You entered, as when you knew its aloofness and seclusion you would have expected to enter, by a door deep-sunk in thick ivy and thicker bricks. Brickwork was generous in the days that saw the building of those walls. Time had been (more recently then!) when the Englishman's house was in truth his castle, and the habit of stout building was not yet lost. I could well believe that the walls themselves, rained upon, buffeted, sun-baked, through the years as the times and the seasons ordained, contributed to the many mellow odours that greeted you upon the smiling threshold. With a hundred others were fragrances of phlox, mignonette, heliotrope, of ripe and ripening fruit—infinitely faint, perhaps, but present in such and such proportions, as might have been proved if an analysis of the whole savour of the garden had been possible; the more pungent smell of herbs (as herbs): mint, thyme, I know not what, with subtler odours of wood in gentle decay, and (as I think) of aged masonry.

# The "Jardin de ma Tante"

Box-borders edged the paths that, if they were of cinder then (for the difficulty of getting gravel), had been of gravel in their day, shining, I dare swear, and slippery with age, at a time when the world was younger For such a garden must have had shining paths whereon young feet had slipped by accident, or slidden with design. Was it the box-borders that, from the fours and fives and sixes, recalled for me the hole in the stocking's knee showing the bruised flesh through—a wound to be called "poor," perhaps, in the fours and fives, and kissed even for healing in the tenderer twos and threes—together with the smart and tingle of young palms that, falling amid such surroundings, have scraped along the ground and gathered all that was loose upon a treacherous surface?

Shining or no, however, polished or dull, it was by the feet of many generations upon their earthly pilgrimage that these paths had been trodden. The walls, if they could have spoken . . .! Love-stories? The lavender-beds might have told me, and the older rose-trees. Hands, I doubt not, had met in the plucking. It is not human nature that changes —though everything change! Or perhaps the sundial knew? Here, though time stood not still, had been haltings, loiterings, the desultoriness that waits a word or a look? Empty arms had embraced the cold stone; tears dropped one by one upon it, to spread and sink, writing their disappearing records like vows that are written in sand?

Well, well, a garden maybe (and like your life, if you would moralise!) is not wholly the sadder for stray tears. And here were tears . . . but here . . . and here!

A crystal drop lay in every cabbage leaf that was expanded enough and cupped enough to hold it—the plants with the largest hearts showing, as you might see, the fewest tears. The drops were diamonds—nay, quicksilver more aptly. They ran this way and that as you shook them. You might touch them and not wet your finger. You were at pains even to make them "wet" the leaf.

Yes, there were cabbages in the garden, with other homely things: leeks, lettuces, a grove of scarlet-runners, arched where the props met, like children's hands that touch in the lane of "Oranges and Lemons."

It was the flowers after all that were on sufferance, perhaps. The netted gooseberry and currant bushes seemed to say so; the parsley, the beans, a cherry tree, apple trees, the peaches and apricots from the walls, these last less definitely. Had the carnations and the asters stolen ground

that should belong to carrots or artichokes? Were the hollyhocks trespassers? the flaming marigolds? the sunflowers?

Do not believe it! "Utilitarian" is a word that was not when such gardens were planted. The times, it is true—new days and manners for "others"—had turned the wine-house that stood in a sunny corner of it into a tool-house—for all the elaborateness of the oak panels which lined it so eloquently; but the garden itself, with its welcoming essences, its warm breath of summer in autumn, its music of birds and of bees, and its blessed seclusion, was not, and never had been, more for your use than your pleasure.

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"A Study of an Arab Head"

By Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER

# The Main Regret

Seen, too clear and historic within us! our sins of omission
Frown when the autumn days strip us so ruthlessly bare.
They of our mortal diseases find never healing physician;
Errors charged on the soul, past all hope to repair.

Sunshine might we have been unto seed in the earth, or have scattered
Seed to ascendant suns brighter than any that shone.
Even the limp-legged beggar a sick desperado has flattered
Back to acceptance of life cheered by the mere human tone.

GEORGE MEREDITH

# The Main Regret

Sean, The clear & historic witness! our sins of omission
Frown when The autumn days ships us so ruthlessly bare.
They of our mortal diseases find never The healing physician;
Errors charged on the soul, past all hope to repair.

Sunshine might we have been unto seed in the earth, or have scattered
Seed to ascendant suns brighter Than any That shone.
Even The limp-legged beggar a sick desperado has flattered
Back To acceptance of life cheered by The mere human tone.

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J. Gregory.

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A Decoy

By Hon. JOHN COLLIER

# The Surprising Cure of Lois Perez

By

## F. Frankfort Moore

THE story of how Señor Lois Perez was cured of a cardiac trouble the prognosis of which was of the most unfavourable character, illustrates so clearly the necessity for a patient's following scrupulously the advice of the physician, it may not be thought out of place in the pages of a volume having so intimate a connection with a Hospital as the present.

A young Civil Servant with whom I was acquainted in Colombo felt rather fagged after an unusually protracted period of work, and made up his mind to consult the best doctor in the place. He did so, and the doctor went through the usual probings and stethoscopings, and then looked grave and went over half the surface again. He said he thought that on the whole he had better write his opinion of the "case" in all its particulars and send it to the patient.

The next morning the patient received the following letter :—

"My dear Sir,

"I think it only due to the confidence which you have placed in

me to let you know in the plainest words what is the result of my diagnosis of your condition. Your left lung is almost gone, but with care you might survive its disappearance. Unhappily, however, the cardiac complications which I suspected are such as preclude the possibility of your recovery. In brief, I consider it to be my duty to advise you to lose no time in carrying out any business arrangements that demand your personal attention. You may of course live for some weeks; but I think you would do wisely to count only on days.

"Meantime I would suggest no material change in your diet, except the reduction of your brandy pegs to seven per diem."

This letter was put into the hands of the unfortunate man when he returned from his early ride the next morning. Its effect was to diminish to an appreciable degree his appetite for breakfast. He sat motionless on his chair out on the verandah and stared at the letter—it was his death warrant. After an hour he felt a difficulty in breathing. He remembered now how he had always been uneasy about his lungs—his left in particular. He put his hand over the place where he supposed his heart to lie concealed. How could he have lived so many years in the world without becoming aware of the fact that as an everyday sort of an organ—leaving the higher emotions out of the question altogether—his heart was a miserable failure? Sympathy, friendship, love, emotion—he would not have minded if his heart were incapable of these, if it only did its business as a blood pump; but it was perfectly plain from the manner in which it throbbed beneath his hand, that it was deserving of all the reprobation the doctor had heaped upon it.

His difficulty of respiration increased, and with this difficulty he became conscious of an acute pain under his ribs. He found when he attempted to rise that he could only do so with an effort. He managed to totter into his bedroom, and when he threw himself on his bed, it was with the feeling that he would never rise from it again.

His faithful Khitmutgar more than once inquired respectfully if the Preserver of the Poor would like to have the Doctor Sahib sent for, and if the Joy of the Whole World would in the meantime drink a peg. But the Preserver of the Poor had barely strength to express the hope that the disappearance of the Doctor Sahib might be effected by a supernatural agency, and the Joy of the Whole World could only groan at the suggestion of a peg. The pain under his ribs was increasing, and he had a

general nightmare feeling upon him. Toward evening he sank into a lethargy, and at this point the Khitmutgar made up his mind that the time for action had come; he went for the doctor himself, and was fortunate enough to meet him going out in his buggy to dine.

"What on earth have you been doing with yourself?" he inquired when he had felt the pulse of the patient. "Why, you've no pulse to speak of, and your skin— What the mischief have you been doing since yesterday?"

"How can you expect a chap's pulse to be anything particular when he has no heart worth speaking of?" gasped the patient.

"Who has no heart worth speaking of?"

The patient looked piteously up at him. "That's kicking a man when he's down," he murmured.

"What's the matter with you anyway?" said the doctor. "Your heart's all right, I know—at least it was all right yesterday. Is it your liver? Let me have a look at your eyes."

He certainly did let the doctor have a look at his eyes. He lay staring at the good physician for some minutes.

"No, your liver is no worse than it was yesterday," said the doctor.

"Do you mean to say that your letter was only a joke?" said the patient, still staring.

"A joke? Don't be a fool. Do you fancy that I play jokes upon my patients? I wrote to you what was the exact truth. I flatter myself I always tell the truth even to my patients."

"Oh," groaned the patient. "And after telling me that I hadn't more than a few days to live, you now say my heart's all right."

"You're mad, my good fellow—mad! I said that you must go without the delay of a day for a change—a sea voyage if possible, and that in a week you'd be as well as you ever were. Where's the letter?"

It was lying on the side of the bed. The patient had read it again after he had thrown himself down.

"Heavens!" cried the doctor when he had brought it over to the lamp. "An awful thing has happened. This is the letter which I wrote to Lois Perez, the diamond merchant, who visited me yesterday just before you came. My assistant must have put the letter that was meant for Perez into the envelope addressed to you, and your letter into the other cover. Great heavens!"

# The Surprising Cure of Lois Perez

The patient was sitting up in the bed.

"You mean to say that—that—I'm all right?" he gasped.

"Of course you're all right. You told me you wanted a sea voyage, and naturally I prescribed one for you to give you a chance of getting your leave without any bother."

The patient stared at the doctor for another minute and then fell back upon his pillow, turned his face to the wall and wept.

Only for a few minutes, however; then he suddenly sprang from the bed, caught the doctor by the collar of his coat, looked around for a weapon of percussion, picked up the pillow, and forthwith began to belabour the physician with such vehemence that the Khitmutgar, who hurried into the room, hearing the noise of the scuffle, fled from the compound, being certain that the Joy of the Whole Earth had become a maniac.

After the lapse of about a minute, the doctor was lying on the floor with the tears of laughter streaming down his cheeks and on to his disordered shirt front, while the patient sat limp on a chair, yelling with laughter—a trifle hysterically perhaps. At the end of five minutes both were sitting over a bottle of champagne—not too dry—discussing the extraordinary effect of imagination upon the human frame.

"But, by jingo, I mustn't forget poor Lois Perez," cried the doctor, starting up. "You may guess what a condition he is in when you know that the letter you read was meant for him."

"By heavens, I can make a very good guess as to his condition," said the patient. "I was within measurable distance of that condition half an hour ago. But I'm hanged if you're going to make any other poor devil as miserable as you made me. Let the chap die in peace."

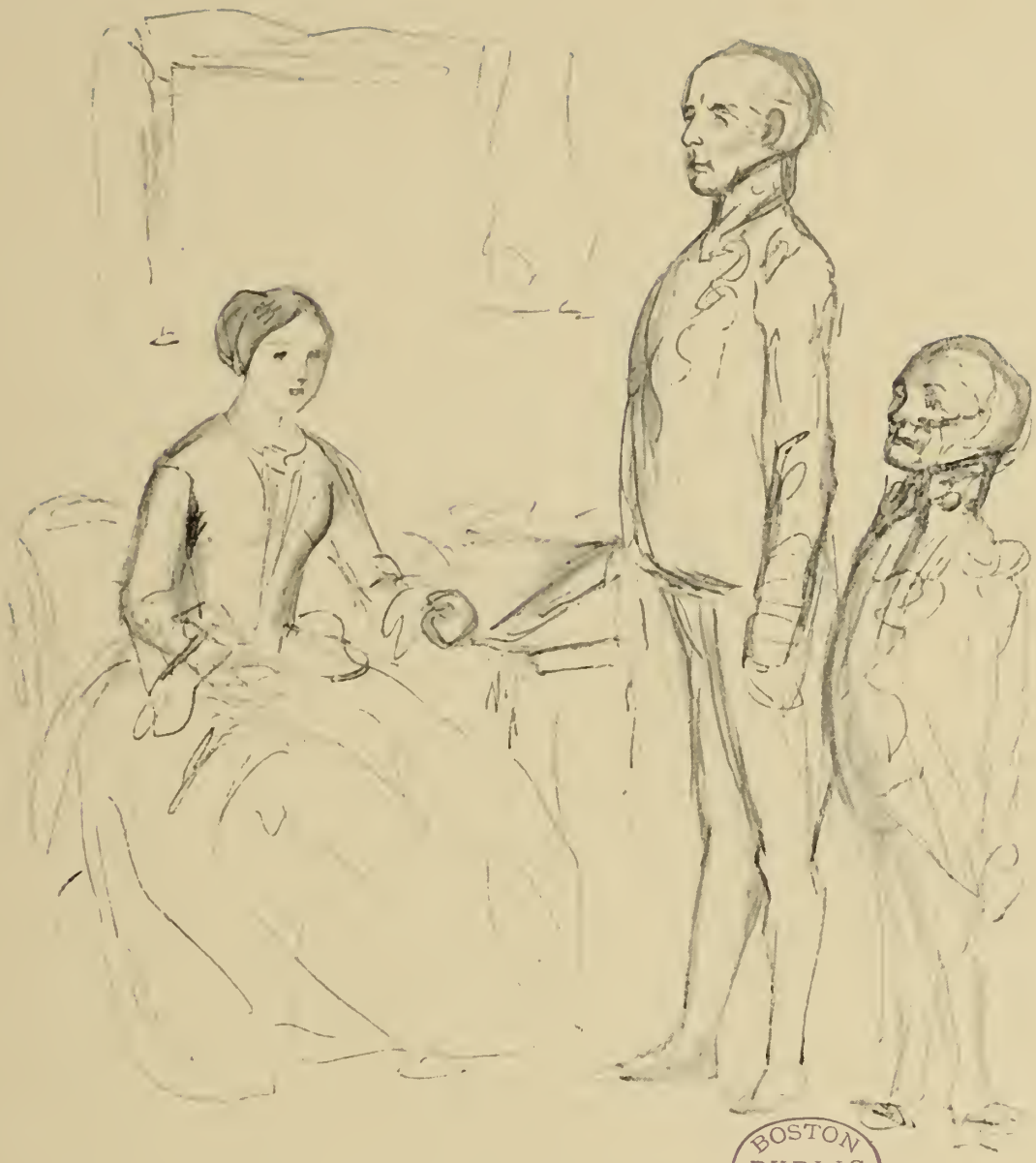
"There's something in what you say," said the doctor. "I believe that I'll take your advice; only I must rescue your letter from him. If it were found among his effects after his death next week, I should be set down as little better than a fool for writing that he was generally sound, but in need of a sea voyage"

He drove off to the house of the Portuguese dealer in precious stones, and on inquiring for him, learned that he had left in the afternoon by the mail steamer to take the sea voyage that the doctor had recommended. He meant to call at the Andamans, and then go on to Rangoon, the man in charge of the house said.

"There'll be an impressive burial service aboard that steamer

before it arrives at the Andaman Islands," said the doctor to his wife as he told her what had occurred. He was very anxious lest the letter which the Portuguese had received should be found among his papers. His wife, however, took a more optimistic view of the situation. And she was right, for Lois Perez returned in due course from Rangoon with a very fine collection of rubies, and five years afterwards he had still sufficient strength left to get the better of me in the sale of a cat's-eye to which he perceived I had taken a fancy that was not to be controlled.

I need scarcely say that the "lesson" of this little story is that a patient cannot be too scrupulous in following the advice of his physician, especially when that advice is meant to apply to another "case."



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*Contributed by Marion H. Spielmann*

"There's always Something"

'I'm very sorry, Palmerston, that you cannot agree with your fellow-servants; but as I don't feel inclined to part with John, you must go of course."

*First sketch for the "Punch" Cartoon*

By JOHN LEECH

# The Béguinage of Bruges

By

## Gertrude Atherton

BRUGES is pre-eminently the city of convents and monasteries, one of the last strongholds of Catholicism, and an anomaly even in Belgium. It is set thick with retreats for the deeply religious who have renounced the world; there are more churches, I should think, than there are in New York, and its population is 50,000. During the summer there is a religious procession every Sunday, which is unrivalled in Europe for the magnificence of its costumes and the general enthusiasm of its audience. Not only does the entire population turn out, and plump down on its knees on the sharp stones when the Sacrament is carried past, but in one of these processions I saw the gentlemen of the town, bareheaded under a hot sun, in their evening clothes, carrying the lamps of their church. When a priest carries the Last Sacrament through the streets to the dying, preceded and followed by choir boys holding lighted candles, every passer-by goes down on his knees, and remains there until the Sacrament is out of sight. In every church there is a blessed relic, which the people kiss after service, and in the Chapelle du Saint Sang—built about 900—they claim to have a drop of the blood of Christ, given by the Patriarch of Jerusalem in the thirteenth century to one of the great crusaders from Flanders. Friday after Friday I have seen the peasants pouring in from the country, climbing the winding stairs of the chapel, and filing past the altar, ducking before this thing and kissing it. The priest who holds the glass cylinder containing the sponge with the drop,

scrubs the glass with his handkerchief after every third or fourth kiss. Beside him sits a gendarme, for the blood belongs to the city, not the Church. It is kept in a magnificent coffer of wrought gold studded with jewels, and once a year it is carried through the city, in one of the processions I have mentioned, by the Bishop, preceded and followed by a squad of cavalry. And yet Ostend, the most extravagant, wicked, and godless watering-place in Europe, is just forty minutes away. An hour in another direction is Ghent, which is one of the hotbeds of that form of "anarchy" which I must put in quotation marks to please my Anarchist of Terre Haute; and two hours away is "the little Paris," Brussels, modern, glittering, sparkling, naughty, and caring about as much for religious processions as for any other mediæval nonsense.

And serene, even in Bruges, is the Béguinage. As Bruges is laid out in a circle, surrounded by two systems of canals, it is hardly correct to say that anything is on the outskirts. But although the Béguinage is practically on a street which leads to the centre of the town, there happen to be few houses in its neighbourhood, and it has an isolated look. Near by is the Lac d'Amour, with its stone bridge of many arches, and its round tower of romantic memories; and as you stand on the ancient bridge spanning the canal to the gate of the Béguinage, you see long avenues of green fields in the distance, and, near by, the stone walls of the conventual retreat with its ivy and vines and grated windows reflected in the waters of the canal; and on the other side of the bridge the dilapidated, picturesque backs of poor houses, black with the grime of centuries, the canal in their cellars, but the beauty of age and vines and stately swans everywhere.

On the arched gate you read "La Béguinage, 1776." When we were singing our Declaration of Independence with a great ringing of bells and impatience for the fight to come, a colony of gentlewomen were in their first enjoyment of a liberty as dear to them as vast territorial possession would mean to us. They were women tired of the world, disillusioned, disappointed, unhappy, in some cases so deeply religious of temperament that they needed no other incentive to renounce the world. There are no laws, no vows, in this community. Any one can join who has the proper credentials, pays the rent of one of the delightful little Flemish houses that are set along the semi-circular wall of the enclosure, and can keep a servant—for there is no common kitchen or living-room. Any one can leave without argument; but not since the

# R. B.

His life went singing like a mountaineer
Who climbs the hills and carols while he climbs,
Above the snows he heard the faëry chimes
Of God's dim bells, and felt no shade of fear;

He leaped in faith from year to glimmering year;
Nothing to him seemed poor or vile or vain,
Since all the fibres of his heart and brain
Were braced by hope's high alpine atmosphere.

I have known no goodlier spirit. Where he walked
Love masqueraded in rough skins and claws,
Feigning to be some monster of the woods;

Loud was the voice wherewith he rhymed and talked,
But warmer heart, or moved in kindlier cause,
Was never stirred by man's vicissitudes.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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Waiting

By ARTHUR HACKER

# Some Forgotten Criticisms of Edmund Kean

By

H. B. Irving

IT would be a profitable exercise for one interested in such matters to trace the gradual modification in the acerbities of literary and dramatic criticism that has taken place in the course of this century. In no case has it been more noticeable than in the criticism relating to the theatre. To the fierceness of the tiger has gradually succeeded the gentleness of the sucking dove, until, in the opinion of some, the actor of to-day is likely to be overtaken by the melancholy fate of the proverbial cat that expired from a plethora of benevolence. Others, perhaps, would say that this long indulgence has made the actor more liable to die of the transports, into which he is thrown by the least breath of a hostile criticism that blew in gusts about the efforts of his predecessors. One thing is certain that, for good or evil, the actor as an artist receives much less attention at the hands of his critics than he did at the beginning of the century.

Such reflections as these would be inevitable to the reader of a volume of cuttings extracted from one of the principal London weekly newspapers of the day, the *News*, relating to the performances of Edmund Kean at the zenith of his fame. If, as a French poet has said, the criticism of fools, which may be fairly paraphrased as the unmitigated

slating of genius, is the incense of genius, the altar of Kean would seem, throughout his career, to have been kept well supplied with incense of this particular description. The volume of extracts from which I propose to select some passages was evidently compiled by a person who was not an admirer of the great actor, one of those who, with Genest, preferred the school of Kemble to that of Kean, and saw in the performances of the latter only their extravagances and mannerisms. The voices of these carpers have been silenced for posterity by the acclamations of Kean's admirers, nor is the verdict of these admirers, whatever their exaggeration, ever likely to be reversed. But these hostile criticisms are interesting, as illustrations of what dramatic criticism was in Kean's day; as a consolation to those who have, or believe they have, genius, in the hour of critical adversity; as throwing some light on the character and limit of Kean's particular genius; and as examples of the ease with which the critic, by obstinately fixing his gaze on the imperfections of a great artist, may render himself somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of posterity.

It was on January 26, 1814, that Edmund Kean leapt into fame by his performance of Shylock at Drury Lane. The critic of the *News* was not present on this occasion, but took an early opportunity of seeing the performance. He was not impressed by what he saw. "This gentleman," he writes, "has talents which merit to be displayed on the Metropolitan boards, but we acknowledge his Shylock did not strike us as eliciting any extraordinay efforts of the histrionic art." He goes on to say that Mr. Terry, a respectable actor at Covent Garden, would have played the part equally well, and thinks that Mr. Kean has "mistaken his forte in appearing at all in tragedy." "Richard III.," a performance received by the public and many critics with even greater enthusiasm than Shylock, only confirmed our critic in his worst suspicions of the new actor's abilities; "the part is far beyond the grasp of Mr. Kean," tragedy is most certainly not his forte. He concludes his notice with a melancholy picture of Richmond exercising his truncheon on the scandalous supers composing his army, who, he says, marched like "the awkward squad in the Birdcage Walk."

In his laudatory notice of Kean's Richard, Hazlitt roused our critic's ire by describing some of Kean's attitudes in that part as worthy of a Titian's brush, and declaring that the new actor had all the qualities that John Kemble wanted to attain perfection. In his notice of Hamlet, which Kean played for the first time on March 12, our critic openly

espoused the cause of John Philip Kemble as against that of Kean. "We," he writes, "when witnessing the performances of Mr. Kean can coolly keep our seat in the critical chair and say 'that is well'—'this is better'—'this is not quite so well'—'that is good again,'" but in the case of Kemble he is accustomed to find himself snatched from himself and sent home with living memories. Hazlitt in a keenly critical notice of this performance, whilst admitting and pointing out its defects, preferred, with the true spirit of a critic, to enumerate its many striking beauties. But the censor of the *News* keeping his seat coolly in the critical chair found himself leaving the theatre with nothing but a "few catching impressions" of the ingenuity of the actor in managing "those particular passages where the character plays itself." He concludes characteristically, "Mr. Wallack played Laertes, we presume because he can fence. By the bye, Mr. Kean's abilities in this way are unquestionable."

Of Kean's Othello, Hazlitt wrote that, while fully recognising its shortcomings, it was the highest effort of genius on the stage; and George Henry Lewes has left an opinion in every way coinciding with that of his predecessor. Iago, Hazlitt, at the time of Kean's first appearance in the character, declared to be the most faultless of his performances. Kean would seem to have been almost the first actor to play Iago in a light and genial vein, naturally, and not in the heavy and unduly sinister method then in vogue among the actors of his day. From the critical chair of the *News* issued a very different pronouncement. "In Othello Mr. Kean failed in the grand swell of impassioned feeling" (the very quality lauded by Hazlitt and Lewes), "but made up for the deficiency in no small degree by his affecting tenderness in other parts of the character. In Iago we found no redeeming points." On those who supported Kean on these occasions our critic was even more severe, and his criticism is a proof that in those days it was not only authors who were "booed." Of the Iago of Alexander Pope, an actor cursed with a good voice but a "face," to quote Leigh Hunt's savage attack on his performances, "as void of meaning as an oak wainscoat," our critic writes. "What this gentleman wants in soul, he amply makes up in body"—Pope was a great feeder—"not that we are disposed to quarrel with him, for really the good-natured manner in which he relates to the audience all his plans and contrivances, quite wins our regard, only he should not show his teeth like a terrier in a cart, keeping watch over a bale of goods. Mr. Decamp got some well-merited hissing for buffooning Roderigo." And of the Othello of Mr. Sowerby,

an actor whose mind was said to be always in such a ferment that he constantly made the most ridiculous mistakes in his words, our critic says, "Of his Othello we need not say much; the expressions of opinion were so violent that, theatrically speaking, we believe he may be considered defunct."

In a general review of that great season from the January to the May of 1814, during which Kean made £20,000 for the Drury Lane management and a world-wide reputation for himself, the *News* solemnly pronounces him to be at a sweeping distance, *longo proximus intervallo*, behind John Kemble, and whilst admitting that his performances are marked by some striking fits and starts of feeling, considers "these flashes in the pan but a poor compensation for hours of uninterrupted dulness; for solemn pauses without the least meaning; for one never-changing expression of countenance, one eternal pointing of the finger, one systematic stamping of the foot." When Kean re-appeared in October as Richard III. our critic had not many observations to make, except to express his great pleasure in "noticing a reduction in the length of pauses, and in the exuberance of his finger manœuvres." Macbeth was pronounced a very feeble, shallow, and imperfect embodiment of Shakespeare's sublime creation; Richard II. had some merits; Zanga in "The Revenge," with his "haberdasher's heroics," Mr. Kean is advised to lay aside, for "if he takes many such strides as this, he will find his descent from his present eminence rather abrupt"; his Bajazet in "Tamerlane" gives occasion for a protest against the *bonâ fide* air which Kean gives to most of his parts, and by which his admirers are deluded; "it is about as conclusive of the truth of his style as the firm conviction of a lunatic that he is Louis XVIII. or George III. is of his actually being so." The best feature of his performance of Duke Aranza in "The Honeymoon" was the dance, "in which he displayed much industrious agility, and which was loudly encored"; and as Florez in the "Beggars' Bush" he shows a deficiency of dignified repose and easy emphasis "that ought to effectually exclude him from the paths of genteel comedy."

To those who, whether from mental infirmity or deliberate prejudice, refused to recognise genius in Kean's acting, its unevenness gave the cue for fault-finding. What Lewes termed the "irregular splendour of his power," what Coleridge described as "flashes of lightning by which he illuminated Shakespeare," what Hazlitt calls his "electrical shocks" or "hits," were to the scoffers mere oases in a wilderness of monkey-tricks.

Again Kean by his naturalness and disregard of convention offended the upholders of the old school that inculcated a solemn and majestic deportment in all circumstances of dramatic action. Kean's method was thought to be too obtrusive and undisguised a display of nature, a kind of indecent exposure, not at all relished by the playgoers nursed in the sedate school of Kemble.

It must be remembered too that Kemble was still in the field ; it was not until 1817 that he retired, having forfeited to Kean, in public estimation, a considerable portion of his repertoire. The man who could say, in criticising Kean's Othello, "the whole thing is a mistake, the fact being Othello was a slow man," was bound to be swept from his monopoly of such characters by an actor whose greatest strength lay in his portrayal of the supreme moments of transported rage or passion. This became painfully apparent when Kean appeared as Sir Giles Overreach, and gave the terrific performance that is said to have thrown Lord Byron into convulsions, and drew from Hazlitt the simple tribute, "he is truly a great actor." Though the critic of the *News* was gradually attaining to a position of solitary eminence, his note of disparagement even on this occasion was none the less distinct. Of Kean's last scene of frenzy, one of the immortal memories of our stage, he writes : "The rage and frenzy of Sir Giles in the last scenes might perhaps be more strongly expressed by Mr. Kean if his physical powers were more equal to the task—but they are not" ; and on revisiting the theatre he adds : "While we remember the petrifying exhibition of ghastly horror which Mr. Kemble made of the incident in the last scene of the play, we cannot but think Mr. Kean's a most feeble representation of Sir Giles' despair." A few nights later Kemble courted comparison by appearing as Sir Giles at Covent Garden, and was hissed.

More indignant than ever with the obstinacy of the public infatuation, our critic, on Kean appearing at the end of 1816, as Timon of Athens, felt it necessary to justify the continuance of his hostile attitude towards the favourite. "To turn from Shakespeare," he wrote : "from Timon to Mr. Kean, from our own 'beau ideal' of this noble spirit of Athens to the matter-of-fact man of five feet, with a croaking voice, who gives himself out under his name at Drury Lane Theatre, is indeed a woeful bathos. We are so heartily sick (and our readers must have the same feeling) of repeating again and again our insurmountable objections to Mr. Kean, that if we are not silent altogether on the subject, it is from a painful sense

of duty to the public." Continuing in this dutiful vein, he declares that Kean never rises to Shakespeare, but pulls the poet down to him, and that the poet after passing through the medium of Kean comes out quite unrecognisable: "When Mr. Kean leant on his spade to depict the desolate despondency of Timon's soul, he merely looked like a tired gardener."

When Junius Brutus Booth made his ineffectual attempt to wrest from Kean his laurels, the critic of the *News* lent him undisguised support. Whilst Booth is admitted to share the hindrance of personal disadvantages with his rival at the other house, he is commended for surmounting them in the only legitimate manner, that is by relying on the fair exertion of his resources, and giving his energies a plain, straightforward direction. How Kean's exertion of his resources could be described as unfair is a little difficult to comprehend; but the last sentence of the criticism is a happy description of mediocrity and Booth.

The production at Drury Lane, at the end of 1817, of a play called "Richard Duke of York," being an arrangement of the three parts of Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," evoked from the critical chair of the *News* some delightful strictures on Kean and his supporters. Kean is reproached for thinking tragedy cannot be made too familiar; "in the hour of separation from all that is lovely and beloved, Mr. Kean never suffers himself to rise above the coolness of parting in Bond Street with an every-day acquaintance." He has plenty of demoniacal possession, but nothing of divine inspiration, which clearly proves him not to be a first-rate actor; few and far between are his moments of successful exertion, but "we shall always be happy to point out to our readers whatever we can construe into an indication of sterling dramatic genius." "Mr. Pope," concludes our critic "in the sublime scene of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, died apparently of a surfeit, like an Alderman after his sixteenth plate of turtle. His stomach seemed to torture him far more than his conscience. That worst of bad actors, Mr. Maywood, performed Henry VI. He seemed to have set Shakespeare's blank verse to the tune of some of Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms."

We must forgive our critic if his irritation against Kean seems to increase, for about this time he had indulged in a prophecy that was showing little sign of fulfilment. He had, he said, observed signs of "decline and obscuration" about Kean, which, he thought, justified him in saying that the actor's admirers had seen the blaze of his descending

glory, and that he was now hastening to his setting. If there was any lull in the tide of public admiration about this date, it did not last long indeed until the Cox case in 1824, Kean's success showed few signs of abating. On the eve of that disastrous episode Kean had just emerged with fresh laurels from his contest with Charles Mayne Young, and scored one of his greatest successes as "King Lear." This almost uninterrupted progress must have been a perpetual source of mortification to the critic of the *News;* it certainly did not mitigate the severity of his pronouncements; his sense of duty was as acute as ever.

On the date of December 5, 1824, two cuttings from the same paper are placed side by side. The one is a paragraph stating that Kean in the ensuing Drury Lane season is to play twenty nights and to receive as his salary for those twenty performances £1000. The other paragraph states that Lord Chief Justice Abbott is to try the Middlesex causes in the King's Bench at Westminster, and that among them is the case of Cox *v.* Kean, which, in spite of rumours of a settlement, is still on the list. This wretched case, the "little pin" that bored through the castle wall of Kean's victorious reputation, is fully reported in our book of cuttings. The correspondence with Mrs. Cox, that seems more shameful to those who published it *in extenso* than to the reckless man who penned it; the culpable indiscretion of Kean in refusing to absent himself for a few weeks from the boards after the verdict given against him; the pharisaical outcry against his misconduct, which in its fierceness and cruelty may fitly rank with that hurled at Lord Byron—all these are set out in extracts from various papers of the day. Kean, nothing if not combative, is roundly slated for daring to publicly express his indignation at the attacks levelled at him in the *Times* and other papers; "the 'base press,'" says one extract, quoting Kean, "has nothing more to do with Kean's real offence and characteristic letters than it had to do with Thurtell's murder of Weare or Fauntleroy's infamously extensive forgeries." In the September of 1825 Kean left England for America; and with his departure closed the greatest chapter of his life.

Our critic sees him when he returns to England three years later, and now at last he is justified in observing "tokens of decline and obscuration," the sun of his glory hastening to its setting. In the May of 1827 he notices the disastrous performance of Grattan's "Ben Nazir," when Kean, he says, delivered scarcely one passage as it was set down for him, and Wallack had to apologise in an uproar for the "bodily indisposition and

mental annoyances" that had ruined the great actor's performance of the principal character. The ravages of disease, deficiency of energy, failure of memory, sudden indisposition are constantly referred to in our critic's notices; but with these painful allusions there comes a tone of greater generosity in his criticism, a recognition of qualities of genius in Kean to which he had certainly not done sufficient justice in his earlier judgments. Kean is a great actor, every lover of the drama should see him, his is a soul of fire which at times over-informs its tenement of clay, an extravagant, erring spirit; but he is withal a master. It is strange, says our critic—but modern actors may not think it so, for Monday is generally considered rather a dull night—that Mr. Kean's Monday performances are always inferior to those of Thursday, his Lear of Monday pitiable, his Othello of Thursday "an exhibition of grandeur, pathos, and intellect such as we have scarcely ever beheld."

In 1828 our critic has a curious footnote to a criticism of Kean's first performance of Virginius. He has accounted for the house on this occasion being only respectably filled by the fact that Kean, by his painful exhibition in "Ben Nazir" has made the public distrustful of him in a new part; and in the footnote he adds, "Mr. Kean's professional fate has been somewhat remarkable. In the early part of his career it was the custom to praise him through thick and thin. We then, not choosing to swim with the stream, and having our eyes just as open as at present to his faults, objected to this undistinguishing laudation. *Now*, the case is reversed. It is the fashion to *undervalue* Mr. Kean, although, so far as his physical powers serve, time and experience have made him a better actor than ever." With this last extract we may bid farewell to the critic of the *News*. In his anxiety not to swim with the stream and join in the chorus of undistinguishing laudation that echoed about Kean's early triumphs, he went too far in the direction of censure, and so showed himself to be the unfortunate possessor of a small mind. No one was more alive to Kean's faults than Hazlitt, but he had the breadth of vision that cannot be blinded to what is great and notable by the imperfections that accompany all human effort. Consequently he has left criticisms that endure as inspiring and instructive attempts to give a permanent impression of the triumphs of a great actor. Our friend in the critical chair leaves us with a comfortable assurance that it is impossible, even to genius, to please everybody, with a feeling of gratitude for the amusement which his outspoken prejudice affords to

those who are not its victims, and a feeling of deep sympathy for Mr. Maywood.

We may conclude with a passage from the *Athenæum* of 1831, which sadly illustrates the broken actor's declining hold on the public. "We see him now at the Haymarket (in Richard III.) with much satisfaction, making allowance, of course, for a certain degree of bodily feebleness which cannot be averted. In this, as we said before, consists nearly, if not quite, all the difference between what he is and what he was; and it therefore remains for his more vehement admirers to explain why they have ceased to be his followers; and why those of them who do go now let his best points fall flat upon the stage and blunt themselves. His 'so much for Buckingham' on Monday week was equal to anything we ever heard from him, or any one else, and better than we have sometimes heard it from himself; yet but little notice was taken of it." The fickleness of the public has become proverbial, perhaps more proverbial than it deserves to be; at any rate it must be admitted that Kean had sorely tried the patience of even his most devoted admirers. Their gradual desertion of the great actor, after he came back to them, is far more easily justified than the shrieking outcry against him that had driven him from his country. He returned from America in 1827 to find that the public had condescended to forgive a scandal, which certainly had about it many circumstances of palliation, as far as Kean was concerned; there was ample ground for suspecting that he had been throughout the victim of a designing couple. But their forgiveness came too late. Kean had drunk the cup of humiliation and it had poisoned his whole being. He had lost his self-respect, degraded his faculties by inebriety, become bitter and vindictive in his feelings towards mankind. He could offer to the public nothing but the repertoire with which they had been for ten years familiar; he was unable to undertake new characters; the unevenness of his acting became more pronounced; his moments of greatness rarer and less energetic. His decline, illuminated by flashes of the old spirit, was rapid and unmistakable. No longer capable of facing the anxieties of a London season, having abandoned a projected tour in America, he became, in 1831, lessee of the Richmond Theatre; but his performances proved a poor attraction. His last performance, Othello to his son's Iago, took place at Covent Garden on March 25, 1833. On May 14 following he was dead.

"I have lived," wrote Fanny Kemble, "among those whose theatrical

creed would not permit them to acknowledge Kean as a great actor; but they must be bigoted indeed who would deny that he was a great genius—a man of most original and striking powers, careless of art, perhaps because he did not need it, but possessing those rare gifts of nature without which art is a dead body. If he was irregular and unsatisfactory in his performance, so is Niagara compared with the waterworks of Versailles." The critic of the *News* was on the side of the waterworks; posterity, informed by the highest judgments, is on the side of Niagara.

We wish we could say a word for the corpulent Mr. Pope, the chanting Maywood, or the dim, elusive Sowerby; but of these time has left not even the passing tribute that would be paid to an efficient conduit-pipe.

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The Earl of Marchmont

By Sir GODFREY KNELLER

# The Superseded

I

As newer comers crowd the fore
    We drop behind . . .
We who have laboured long and sore
    Times out of mind,
And keen are yet, must not regret
    To drop behind.

II

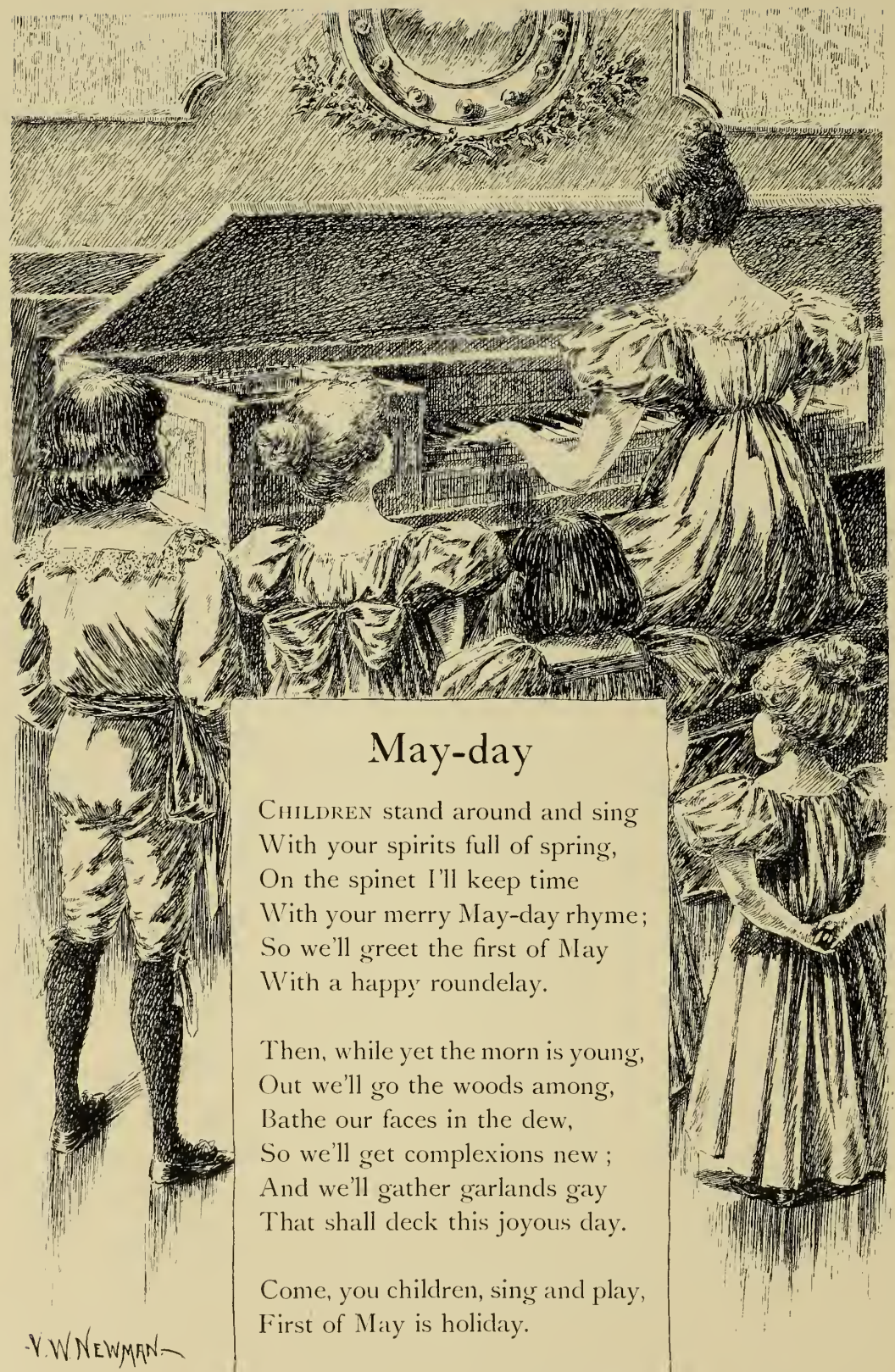
Yet there are of us some who grieve
    To go behind;
Staunch, strenuous souls who scarce believe
    Their fires declined,
And know none cares, remembers, spares
    Who go behind.

# The Superseded

## III

'Tis not that we have unforetold
The drop behind;
We feel the new must oust the old
In every kind,
But yet, we think, must we, must *we*,
Too, drop behind?

THOMAS HARDY.




# May-day

CHILDREN stand around and sing
With your spirits full of spring,
On the spinet I'll keep time
With your merry May-day rhyme;
So we'll greet the first of May
With a happy roundelay.

Then, while yet the morn is young,
Out we'll go the woods among,
Bathe our faces in the dew,
So we'll get complexions new;
And we'll gather garlands gay
That shall deck this joyous day.

Come, you children, sing and play,
First of May is holiday.

# A Lost Likeness

By

## R. E. Francillon

KING, Archer, Smith, Maxwell, Brady, and myself were chatting and smoking the other evening in Deane's studio. The talk had rambled to the not uncommon subject of apparitions; and—

"That's all very well," said Archer, our sceptic-in-chief, "but it comes to this, that while every one of us—except Dick Deane—has known somebody who knew somebody who had seen, or heard, or felt, some sort of a spook, not one of us has ever met one——"

"Which speaks well for our digestions and our sobriety," interrupted Smith.

"It does. And there you are."

"Where?"

"Why, where I've always found myself. Among people who are quite sure in their hearts that other folk have seen ghosts, or doubles, or wraiths, or other bogies, but are equally sure in their heads that there are no such things. Where's the logic? Now if one of *us* had seen one—but there isn't: and there never is: never. We've none of us got beyond second-hand hearsay: which means that we've all known people who eat too much, or drink too much, or dream too much."

"Do you fellows remember Philip Glint?" suddenly asked Deane.

"No"; and "No"; and "No"; and "Who was *he?*" and "Why, Dick, *you*'re not going to set up for a ghost-seer."

"No," said Deane, shortly. "But the awful bosh you fellows have been talking——"

"Oh!"

"Yes—the awful bosh—puts me in mind of something—which, on the whole, I think I'll proceed at once to forget again."

"Oh, but that's not fair."—"If you don't make a clean breast of it, we shall suppose that you murdered What's-his-Name, and employ him to paint your pictures."—"Out with it, Dick."

"Must I? Well—perhaps some of you clever fellows will be able to explain it: and I won't say but that if you could, my mind would be a bit lighter. But no bosh, mind! If you can give me a good, square, solid theory, that'll hold water at all points, do. If you can't, you'll be good enough to hold your tongues. And, in any case, you must give me, each and all, your solemn promises to believe what I say."

"All right. We swear!"

The oath was superfluous. Dick Deane was notoriously as incapable of improving a fact as of flattering a sitter.

"Those," he abruptly began, after a minute's consultation with his pipe, "who knew Philip Glint didn't know much about him. I knew him, I think, better than anybody: but better wasn't well. He was a good-looking young fellow, in a way; not a millionaire, but with money enough to live without working, and to make it worth while to take care of the pounds—you know the sort I mean: not what you'd call penny-wise, but at any rate shilling-wise. Altogether, it's easier to say what he wasn't than what he was. There was nothing you could call noticeable about him in looks or style: and yet, somehow, you *did* notice him. His good looks were quite of the common sort—nothing to remember: and yet, somehow, you *did* remember them. He never said anything specially worth saying, and he hadn't one of those voices or manners that give value to nothings: yet, somehow, if he said 'Fine day, isn't it?' you felt as if you hadn't known it was a fine day till then, and did know it now. He was very quiet. He never put himself forward; rather the other way. I never knew him excited, or out of temper, or different from one day to another by the fraction of a hair. He had no hobbies, no tastes, no accomplishments, no peculiarities, no follies, no vices——"

"What an insufferable—" Maxwell broke in.

"That's the odd part of it: he wasn't. On the contrary, he was quite

good company. He wasn't clever enough to make anybody else feel small. He was the best listener I ever heard——"

"You can't hear a listener, Dick."

"Can't you, though! He never jarred: he had the sort of tact, sympathy, whatever you call it, which some women have—and some haven't: he was restful—that's the word I've been trying for. One liked to have him about: one could be as free and alone with him as without him. No: Phil Glint, for all his ladylikeness, wasn't a prig: and for all his colourlessness, he wasn't a bore. I never once felt the slightest desire to kick him: and of how many men can one say that? Yet I shouldn't have liked him as well as I did if he hadn't given an impression of being possibly dangerous to anybody who wouldn't take him as he chose to be taken. Generally, the notion that a man doesn't like chaff acts as a challenge to provoke him. Nobody ever chaffed Phil Glint. Except once——"

"And then?"

"A dead silence: followed, after a week or two, by the emigration of the humorist to Manitoba."

"Who's talking bosh now?"

"I'm not saying it was cause and effect. I'm only stating a sequence of facts—nothing more. But, to finish off Phil Glint's picture—I think I spoke of his friends; if I did, I put in a false stroke. I doubt if he had what *we* mean by a friend. He would help anybody and everybody: I don't mean with money only—that's nothing—but with time and trouble. But he never gave a confidence, so far as I know, to a human soul. By the time I'd known Phil Glint a twelvemonth I no more knew who his people were, or where he'd been at school, or where he came from, or what he'd been doing with himself before I met him, than——"

"It sounds," suggested Archer, "as if either his origin or his career were in need of a veil."

"No. Whatever he wasn't, he was a gentleman. It was just natural reticence, and a notion that he wasn't interesting. Some men are like that: though it's very hard for the likes of us, who can't help knowing how interesting we are, to understand."

"How did you get to know him?"

"There you beat me. I've tried to remember, and can't. He just, as it were, walked into my life, hung his hat up, and stayed. It might have been at some such diggings as this, and we might have walked part

of our ways home together, but then it might have been any of twenty things. There was nothing dramatic about it, anyhow. By the way, though, to be quite accurate, there was just one queer thing about him, though I said there was none. Nobody ever saw the inside of his rooms —not even I."

"A lady in the case," said Archer. "I begin to see."

"But out of the question. Besides, he didn't keep his address dark; only it was always changing, so one used to write to him at the club, for safety. That's where he did all his hospitalities: and very well he did them, too.

"Well, then, after I'd known him in this sort of way for some months, I took it into my head to fall in love: and, as it was with the lady who is now Mrs. Richard Deane, I can say so without calling up phantoms of a dead past, and that sort of thing. We weren't a romantic couple even in our pre-matrimonial days. But Mrs. Deane had a sister Amy that was romantic enough for six couple. She lived with us after we married; and I noticed, or rather my wife noticed, that Phil Glint took to dropping in remarkably often, quite irrespectively of any chance of seeing Me. She also noticed that her sister seemed much more interested in his visits than she approved. For, somehow, my wife didn't take to Phil Glint. I don't know why, and she herself could never tell me."

"It often happens like that between a man's wife and his bachelor friends," said Brady, with all the oracular confidence of an unmarried man.

"Not with mine. I knew most of you here before I'd ever heard of Mrs. Deane: and she likes you all—I'm hanged if I know why, any more than I know to this day why she didn't like Phil. She didn't; and that's all. She was kind to him, as 'tis her nature to: but she always said that he gave her the cold creeps whenever she was in the same room with him, or even heard his foot upon the stair. I never felt the cold creeps myself: but they sound as if they'd be nasty things to have, whatever they are.

"For one thing, between you and me, she had a great notion of our parting with Amy to a fellow named Frank Welwood—as good a sort as you'd find even in our set, though he was clean out of it: officer in a crack regiment, and heir to a baronetcy and some thousands a year. Not knowing just what was in her head—then—I was pleased enough to learn, from her, that there seemed a good chance of her sister becoming, as

Mrs. Philip Glint, the wife of a man whom I liked, who seemed well off, who had no vices, and would be altogether easy and pleasant to drive. So I didn't feel quite easy and pleasant to drive, myself, when my wife kept asking me, every other hour, 'But, Dick, *who* is he? *What* is he? Who are his family? How has he been living? What church does he go to? How do you know he's not a coiner, or a forger, or a burglar? How do you know he hasn't got forty wives with forty children apiece? Why can't Mr. Welwood ever call without finding *him* here too? And why can't I be in the same house with him without the cold creeps even when there's a fire?' It was a worry: for I couldn't answer such of her questions as were reasonable without passing them on to Phil Glint himself, and questioning Phil Glint—nobody could do that: nobody had ever done it: you could no more think of doing it than——

"Well. One day he came to see me—Me this time, and not Amy.

"'Deane,' said he—*he* never Dicked me, like you impudent ruffians—'I want you to do me a favour. It's—it's possible'—(there was just that hesitation about him)—'that'—(I'm trying to imitate his awkwardness, which was something quite new)—'that—circumstances may occur—things may happen—that—I shouldn't like to be forgotten—and I've never done anything to be remembered—and, in short—you and Mrs. Deane, and Miss Hayes' (meaning Amy) 'have been so kind to me that I shouldn't like you to be without a souvenir—of a very grateful—man. . . . Look here, Deane. I've got a fancy. You may call it, if you like, a whim. Paint my portrait, as a matter of business, you know—just as I am; you're the very man to do that; and if Miss Hayes would kindly take care of it for me—one doesn't want one's own picture to be always staring at one, you know—I shall be grateful for all your lives long.'

"This was an odd speech to come from almost any man: it was the oddest of odd speeches to come from Phil Glint. He was evidently under the influence of some strong emotion: that is to say, in a state which made him a stranger to me, and it pleased me to find the imperturbable Phil Glint capable of any sort of emotion whatever, especially if Amy was the cause. Men like him, when unused to that particular sort of emotion, are bound to take it awkwardly. His awkwardnesses were no doubt—I thought—only the clumsy trimmings of a simple request that I should paint his portrait because he wanted to do a good turn to a friend who wasn't too flourishing, and an excuse for giving his likeness to the girl he loved for some sentimental purpose that no doubt she would

understand. It was such a floundering way of coming to the point that I liked him at that moment even better than I liked him before. He wasn't only a well-oiled automaton, after all."

"And so," said Smith, "you accepted the job, and refused the pay."

"I accepted the job, and I didn't refuse the pay. Why should I? I was an unknown artist who had committed matrimony, of which I was about to face certain imminent consequences; the wife would—and very reasonably too—have objected to my giving my time for nothing to what I knew she would dislike; and my subject wasn't interesting enough to do me any good beyond what could be counted in money. I realised this more and more as, day after day, Phil Glint came to my studio. Good-looking—yes! but what are good looks if they are absolutely, hopelessly commonplace, without one thing in them which goes to a picture? You know how I depend on my subject—painting things as they are is my notion of art: and if Phil Glint hadn't been Phil Glint, or if I could have afforded to lose the order, I should have sent him with my compliments to the nearest photographer.

"I forgot to say that it was a grand point with him that the portrait should be finished not a minute later than the first of November: which wasn't giving a slow worker like me too much time. The shortness of the allowance, though, had one unexpectedly good effect. As it got shorter it made a wonderful improvement in the sitter. Anything like delay made him as impatient as he knew how to be; it brightened his eyes, and put an alert eagerness into them that I had never seen in them before. There was a background and business to fill up the canvas; curtains behind the figure, and that spindle-legged table there between the windows for his right hand to rest upon: it was his own fancy—he said the table reminded him of old times; the only hint I ever had of his having had any old times to be recalled.

"The picture was finished, to all intents and purposes, by the last daylight of the first of November. He stayed to dinner, spent the evening with the three of us, and when the ladies went to bed, came with me into the studio for a pipe before going home. We had a fire; he sat in an armchair—the one that Archer's sitting in now—on one side of it, and I opposite him in the other. I noticed, as we came upstairs, that the street-door had been bolted and chained; I suppose the girl thought—if girls do think—that Glint had gone. The picture was on the easel, where I had left it in the afternoon, with the last colours still wet. Glint's eyes

went to it at once, and I could see that it was somehow curiously on his mind. But he didn't speak of it. That was always his way. He never would open himself. I don't believe he knew how.

"'What do *you* think is the very worst thing that could happen to a man?' asked he, in the gravely comfortable kind of way that one starts a speculative question that doesn't concern oneself a straw.

"'That's rather a vague question,' I said. 'Whatever happens, there's always something worse that doesn't. And doesn't it rather depend on the man? To one, the utmost possible worst might be remorse for some irreparable crime: to another, a badly starched neck-tie.'

"'No: I mean a worst—the worst—for all. Remorse would be pretty bad, I suppose: but then wouldn't it be worse to be without the conscience that gives it? And as to the neck-tie, I suppose there is always a conceivably worse laundress than the worst we have ever known. There's only one thing you can't beat for badness. And that's being dead and—Forgotten.'

"'My dear fellow! why, it's only the common lot—the universal doom'

"No: it isn't. It hardly ever happens. Tell me one single, solitary instance, within your own knowledge, of any human being who has been forgotten?'

"'How can I? If I could, I should be remembering him: and then he wouldn't be forgotten. However, take some Egyptian who didn't build a pyramid——'

"'He was remembered by somebody: who was remembered by somebody else: who was remembered by yet another somebody—one way or other, it all went on. But it isn't thousands of years afterwards that matter. The thing is— Hang it, Deane, you know what I mean.'

"I'm hanged if I did: but he gave me no time to say so.

"'Look here,' he went on, 'would *you* like to be dead, feeling that there wasn't a soul to think of you kindly?'

"'Oh, but somebody would,' I said, rather feebly, I'm afraid. 'Besides, I don't know: I've never tried.'

"'No: you've never tried: that's true. And you never will try. But I—but there are, have been, one or two who *have* tried, and *do*, therefore, know all it means. And I—I tell you, Deane, it means the worst—*the* worst—of all. Well. That's all right. If they could come back, and

get somebody that likes them to make a Memory of them for somebody *they* like, as you've done for me in that portrait, it would make just all the difference. You must see that, surely. It's as clear as day.'

"For one moment while he was speaking I should have thought him positively excited over his argument had he been any other man. He ended, however, as quietly and impersonally as he had begun, and, smiling rather absently as if at his own paradox, took out his watch—it was nearly midnight, and he knew that under the present *régime* we kept moderately early hours. 'Twenty minutes to twelve yet,' said he. I looked at mine, and made it ten minutes only: but I didn't say so, as it would have seemed as if I were in a hurry for him to say good-night and go.

"The talk changed, and I was glad of it: for I hate nonsensical talk that can't lead anywhere. I can't tell you any more of it: my impression is that it was sane and sensible enough: and I have told you that Glint was a first-rate listener. It might have been ten minutes or so after he had looked at his watch that I was saying something about—I think it was about the vagaries of sitters—when Phil Glint, without leaving that chair, disappeared: just melted into the air before my eyes."

"What!"

"That's all," said Deane.

"My dear old Dick," said Archer, after a general pause for digestion, "that you've been extemporising a yarn I don't believe. It isn't in you. But I can quite understand that a bore like Glint, talking psychological balderdash, set you napping: and he, being a man of tact, as you say he was, went off quietly without waking you——"

"And never," said Deane, "from that minute to this, did I set eyes on Philip Glint again."

"Well: that's not unaccountable, either. You were a creditor, you see: and there might have been others——"

"No. He didn't leave the house in debt, or in any other explicable way. The clothes he wore vanished with him: but his great coat and hat were left on a peg in the passage, and his umbrella in the stand. And the street door was still bolted, chained, and locked inside."

"And you never even heard of him again?"

"Never. Nor anybody else. It was as if he had never been. He had left the last lodgings we knew of for quite a long time—I've told you how he used to shift: they didn't know where he had gone, and he never

had any letters. In fact, it was just as if—as if—well, it's Mrs. Deane's theory, not mine, mind—as if he'd come from another world and gone back again."

"And the portrait?" asked Maxwell—I suppose for want of anything else to say. "Have you got it still?"

"Oh yes. I didn't give it to Amy. We—my wife and I—didn't tell her anything. She was a sensitive (I don't mean sensible) young woman: and it seemed better, on the whole, to let her think Glint had never meant anything, and had gone off to Central Africa, than for her to fancy herself in love with a Ghost."

"Well, if it was a Ghost," said Smith, "all the more reason for seeing his picture. You ought to have exhibited that portrait, Dick, and put the story in the catalogue."

"I don't much care to show it. It isn't good as a picture: and I've never looked at it myself since—then. But—well—I don't mind so much now. It ought to be in that press, the bottom of half a dozen spoiled canvases with their faces to the wall."

"Have it out, Dick! One doesn't see the portrait of a Ghost every day."

"If you will—here goes for a rummage in a dust-heap," said Dick, throwing off his smoking jacket and burying his upper half in the recesses of a large cupboard in the wall. "Here you are!" he said, after a long exploration, as he lugged out a largish canvas. "Marked 'P. G.,' and the date when finished, on the back. That's poor Phil," he said, setting it on a chair in the full light of a gas jet.

We crowded round, while Deane was putting the lumber of the cupboard into manageable order. Then, having looked at the canvas, we stared at one another.

"Hulloa, Dick," said Brady, "isn't there something missing here?"

"Missing?"

"There does seem to be, somehow. There are the curtains—just as you described: and there's the spindle-legged table—a capital portrait it is, too. But—where's your ghostly friend?"

Dick came to the picture, and then rubbed his eyes. Well he might: even he, who never dreamed, must have thought himself dreaming. There was no figure to be seen: only a transparent greyish film where a full length figure might have been.

"I can only give you my word of honour!" cried Dick, who

never used solemn phrases lightly. "The man vanished: and the picture has vanished too. Make what you can of it. I've nothing to say."

"Is your sister-in-law married?" asked King, who had been the only silent member of our company.

"Yes," said Dick absently: "Amy has been Lady Welwood these ten years. But what has that got to do——"

"With the last struggle of a forgotten soul to be remembered? . . . Poor soul!"

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First Sketch for "New Laid Eggs"

By Sir JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.

# Merely Beautiful

The Maestro obligingly tried her voice, and twirled on the stool where
he sat;
He said: "You've a gift but you never will sing till you open your
mouth O like that.
(And it makes a grimace that is death to the face when you open your
mouth like that.)

They said at the school that her talent for art was one that they
viewed with surprise,
But that if she would paint she must dress like a guy and frequently
screw up her eyes.
(And wrinkles come thick and remarkably quick to the ladies that
screw up their eyes.)

Her lyrics were charming but wanting in depth; 'twas thought they
would never be right
Till she'd known a great sorrow, that ages the face and makes the hair
rapidly white.
(And a frown crossed her forehead, for that she thought horrid; she
much preferred auburn to white.)

She's the loveliest hair and a rose-petal skin, and the bluest of wondering
eyes;
Every horse in the street as it sees her approach kicks madly with
rapture and shies.
(And you really are fair—that's a fact I can swear—when a horse can
detect it and shies.)

# Merely Beautiful

But the gifts of the gods she has thrown in the dust; her beauty is all that she's got.
Can she sing, can she paint, can she write out her heart? All this might have been but is not.
(And without all the three, Oh, I wish she loved me! But I'm sorry to say she does not.)

BARRY PAIN.

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A. Shadwell - Douglas Pennell

# "Geen Baceler"

By

## Elizabeth Robins

ONE is quite sure, on reflection, that love of Make-believe is more deeply implanted in the human breast than any concern about truth.

To the mind unjaundiced by years this business of saying sooth is like the foot-rule or the spirit-level—a useful means to certain dull mechanical ends, but a poor, a servile thing, born to drag the chain. Not alone the myth-maker, the poet, and the novelist who are lured along the lanes of fancy—but every creature that is born human, walks that way while youth is with him.

Before the pure outlines of infancy are blurred by repeated corrections, the superiority, the splendid necessity of Make-believe is perhaps the clearest perception of the untrammelled intelligence. It is one of the few things no child has to be taught. Indeed, a good many bewildered little sons of men have fallen on their first evil days in learning that to be good and to be grown up (terms synonymous) involve a casting away of Make-believe, unless, retaining this shred or that, you give some pre-concerted signal, like ringing a bell to take up a playhouse curtain, or like printing the word "Romance" on the title-page of a book, lest any one should find himself more convinced than was good for him. "Another way," as the cook books have it, is to say unimaginatively to the child at your knee, "Now I'll tell you a story," which clearly spoils the fun, since making a story is the opposite of making believe.

The odd thing about it is that, in one sense, the child is not really

deceived any more than the grown man—only the child observes more rigidly the rules of the game.

Little Jack Farnborough, for instance, is not old enough to realise that in admitting to this game a person stricken in years—stricken even to the extent of a score—you must take into account his slow-moving, ethic-clogged fancy and give him a clue; just as you daren't leave it to his unaided dulness to know that what you have drawn on your slate is not a windmill, but a knight in armour, and that you simply *have* to drag your brother about by the heels since he is Hector and you are Achilles.

It is not improbable that Jack's prospects in life will be permanently blighted by his loyalty to the rules of the game.

For the first years of his existence he was the favourite grandchild of the rich and somewhat eccentric old Mrs. Farnborough. He maintained this proud position even after the birth of an astute Jacob of a younger brother, in spite, or possibly because of the fact that Jack did everything at the earliest possible moment, except talk. The proficiency of three elder sisters left him cold. He didn't and he wouldn't *try* to learn more than a scant tourist's vocabulary (barely sufficient for a lordly young traveller in an alien land) until his younger brother was prepared to take part in the conversation. It is quite clear that this younger brother will cost Jack dear. But at the time that old Mrs. Farnborough lost her emerald bracelet, the young Jacob had only recently arrived, and Jack still carried on intercourse with his fellows, much as though they were creatures of some barbarian tribe, whose lingo it wouldn't repay him to master. Nevertheless in his own eloquent way, he conveyed approval of his grandmother's country place, her dogs and horses, her pigs and chickens, her sweetmeats, her great bunch of seals and her somewhat barbaric taste in jewellery. The old lady was accustomed to see children flee at the sight of her brown nutcracker face and towering head-dress, into which she fastened violent-hued ribbons and jewelled ornaments. Jack would stare solemnly at each new combination, and towards the more outrageous results he would stretch out clutching little hands and grunt a crescendo of avaricious delight, till the infatuated old lady, in high good humour, would unbuckle paste clasps and things of price, and let the child play with them as he sat in her lap. She was amazed at his infant taste and intelligence, and had him constantly with her. He was even thought worthy of going to church in her company. Jack's nurse, who had abundant proof that the young gentleman made up in other

ways for any backwardness he might evince in speech, respectfully pointed out that Master Jack had never yet been to Divine Service, and when pressed for the absent mother's reason for this neglect, Matilda feebly opined that it must be because "Master Jack was that unexpected."

Old Mrs. Farnborough was convinced that young Mrs. Farnborough didn't understand boys—having so many girls had enfeebled her views of life. Of course Jack should go to church. And behold, true to his character for unexpectedness, he covered himself with glory. He had stared speechless with amazement at the processional, and had smiled and drummed softly with his fingers while they sang; he had followed the very sermon with a solemnity and attention that left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Farnborough was enchanted. It was easy to see the child had inherited her interest in affairs ecclesiastic. The boy would be a bishop.

It was that very day at luncheon that Mrs. Farnborough missed her emerald bracelet. She sent her maid upstairs for it. The maid was gone a long time, and returned to say it wasn't anywhere to be seen. Mrs. Farnborough scolded the maid, and sent her back to look again. The young woman didn't reappear, and Mrs. Farnborough hobbled upstairs, to find her maid in tears, the room in confusion, and no emerald bracelet anywhere. The other servants were called and interrogated, and for the greater part of the afternoon everybody was hunting high and low.

Everybody, that is, except Matilda and Master Jack, who had come in from a walk and gone to the big bare room opening on the garden, where generations of children had played, and kicked the wainscot, and battered the high brass fender, and otherwise passed the time in summers long gone by.

In the midst of one of Mrs. Farnborough's harangues to her quaking servants—some of whom were losing their Sunday out "all along of that old peacock's finery"—the ancient lady suddenly bethought her of Matilda. She would go down and arraign *her*. Arrived at the play-room door, she flung it open as if she expected to find Matilda gloating over the bracelet at that precise instant. But Matilda had fallen asleep over a book, and Jack, with his nightgown over his clothes and a dark woollen comforter hung stole-like round his hot little neck, was standing up in a high chair at the end of the long room, facing all the other chairs ranged in

symmetrical rows. He balanced "The Child's Animal Book" on the back of the high chair, and was intoning in an unknown tongue, but with a pious volubility that recalled vividly the Rev. Ganthorny's performance of the morning. Mrs. Farnborough's fury abated before the touching spectacle. She sat down not far from Matilda, in the nearest "pew," and Jack, never pausing, went on, with the face of a seraph and the added zest imparted by the presence of an audience which has not gone to sleep. His grandmother was melted almost to tears. The boy's leaning towards the Church was unmistakable. She bowed her tired old head, with its incongruous decoration, on the back of the chair before her. Jack understood this signal. His grandmother was really playing up very well. He knelt down and mumbled a low despairing monotone; and when the fun of that palled, he stood up and sang "Here we go round the mulberry bush," the first strains of which waked up Matilda, and recalled Mrs. Farnborough to the affairs of this world.

Matilda knew nothing of the bracelet, and offered angrily to have her box searched, which was promptly done, with no effect beyond the further enraging of Matilda.

It was an inspiration of the tea hour, that, after all, the person who had abstracted the bracelet was Jack. The only time he had cried since his arrival had been when he wasn't allowed to clasp that very bracelet round the neck of the cat. All the servants in a chorus of relief remembered seeing Master Jack either looking at the trinket with longing eyes or trying to coax it off Mrs. Farnborough's wrist.

The young gentleman was called into the drawing-room and the case put to him. But the recital bored him. He stood by his grandmother shifting from one foot to another. Yes, he was uneasy, that the old lady saw. But she would be very kind and very wise with this innocent little creature, who had been encouraged to look upon a lady's trinkets as a dispensation of a thoughtful Providence for the entertainment of little boys. He naturally didn't want to disgorge a pretty shiny green toy with a snap and a little chain.

"Now, darling"—Mrs. Farnborough smoothed her grandson's hair —"you thought you might play with it, didn't you?"

"Hm—hm—" said Jack, indifferently.

"Yes, dear." (What a comfort the child had not been frightened into telling lies.) "And so you took the bracelet, didn't you?"

"M—t," he grunted, shaking his head.

"Now, darling, tell the truth."

His attention wandered to the Brazilian beetle in her cap.

"Listen, my pet. I'm not the least angry with you." Jack's indifference was profound. "Where is it, Jackie? Tell your own dear grandmamma." Jackie yawned. "Come, come now, listen dear." She shook him gently. "You took the pretty green bracelet to play with, didn't you, my angel?"

He shook his head, but slowly; the old lady's tone was so appealing, he seemed reluctant to fall below her genial expectation. Suddenly she had an inspiration. She hobbled to the Japanese cabinet where in wonderful little drawers lived an inexhaustible store of wonderful sugar joys. Jack's eyes sparkled. If the affair tended this way it was worth consideration. But Mrs. Farnborough stopped, with her beringed and bony hand in the nearest drawer, and looked at Jack.

"If you are a good boy you shall have some." Jack grinned and nodded hopefully. "Will you be good?"

"Yeh."

"Very well, then confess you took the green bracelet."

"Yeh."

"Aha! so you really *did* take it?"

"Yeh—yeh!" He was sure he was on the right track now. He held out both hands.

"Where did you put it?" His look clouded. There was to be a lot of ceremony about these bonbons.

"Can't you remember?"

He shook his curls despairingly.

"Poor little boy—try!"

He tiptoed up, endeavouring vainly to see into the drawer.

"If I give you one, will you try to think?"

"Yeh!" He showed his milk-white teeth in an obliging smile. Out of the cabinet came a beautiful pink bonbon, and he crunched it with satisfaction.

"Now remember you are to try and think." She took him on her lap.

"Yeh," he said with his mouth full. But his mind seemed to wander from the point.

"Now attend to me, young man! *Where—have—you—put—the—green—bracelet?*" said Mrs. Farnborough, in the same gruff staccato in which Matilda recited the "Fee-Faw-Fum." Jack's brown eyes

twinkled. He hadn't quite got the hang of this game, but it evidently had possibilities.

Mrs. Farnborough caught the look of merry intelligence and was sure she was on the track of her property.

"Come," she said indulgently, "shall we go and find the pretty green bracelet?"

"Yeh," agreed Jack readily, scrambling down off her lap.

"Come then where shall we go?"

Jack expressed a modest preference for the direction of the Japanese cabinet.

"Yes, after you give me back the bracelet." She led the way to the door. "You shall have three bonbons and the new black kitten." Jack's eyes sparkled. "Come upstairs, and I'll show you where you found it, and that will help you to remember where you put it." He trotted gaily after his grandmother, evidently much diverted at her unwonted activity, and pleased to find her so agile a playfellow. "Now," puffed the old lady, arriving at her own room, "it was here you remember —on this cushion." He nodded. "And my dear little Jack came in and saw it."

Dear little Jack looked dubious.

"Now, now be careful!" the old lady frowned. "It's wicked to tell lies."

Jack's face fell.

"You came in, and there was nobody here, and you saw something shining."

"Yeh?" he ventured with reviving hope, tiptoeing up to inspect the dressing-table.

"And you took the pretty bracelet off the cushion?" She waited.

"Yeh!"

"Yes, that's right, tell the truth—and you took it away?"

"Yeh! yeh!" He was getting the hang of the game after all.

"And you put it—where?"

The child looked about as if considering.

"Now come," said his grandmother, fired to a superhuman briskness. She took him by the hand. Jack capered with anticipation. "You took it off the pincushion like this——"

"Yeh, yeh!"

"And then you went—where did you go?" She followed the infant's

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Sir Henry Irving

By HAMILTON MACLURE

dancing eyes. "Behind the door? Of course! We never looked there." Behind the door they went: Nothing. Nobody more surprised apparently than Jack.

"And after you had played with it behind the door; *then* where did you go?"

Jack's birdlike glance seemed to suggest under the table was a good place, then behind the curtains, in a sort of stately hide and seek, suited to one's grandmother, and finally under the great valanced and curtained bed. Mrs. Farnborough carried her aged bones and her nodding cap into many an unwonted place that afternoon, and Jack's good spirits mounted with each new adventure.

At last when Matilda appeared to take him off to bed, the fun was at its height. Jack was jigging wildly at the growing excitement of this sudden power of his to cause boxes and doors to fly open and reveal their contents by the mere magic of those syllables "geen baceler," pronounced at intervals with a rising inflection. Mrs. Farnborough, with cap awry, breath short, and temper growing momentarily shorter, stopped as Matilda appeared, and said with emphasis to her grandson:

"You little *monster*, where *have* you put it?"

"Cub-cub?" suggested Jack feverishly, ignoring Matilda, and beating with his fists on the jam-cupboard door.

"Well, it's the only place left. Nobody's thought of looking there." So Hannah was called and scolded for allowing the door to stand open. The housekeeper protested the door *hadn't* been left open; but that was a detail. The cupboard was inspected from the highest shelf a child could possibly reach down to the very threshold of the door, Jack lending an obliging hand as well as an adventurous finger now and then to the contents of the jars.

The base Matilda, tired of waiting and soured by the day's experience, betrayed Jack's traffic in the jam and laid hold of him. But no, no, not yet will he submit to the petty tyranny of bedtime. He has tasted not jam alone, but great jollity and unwonted freedom.

"No, no!" He struggled out of her arms, moved to longer speech than he had yet made within the memory of man. "Me mus' do fin' geen baceler."

"But where, you little wretch?"

Jack shook himself free and darted down the staircase.

"He does know where it is all this time—the little demon!" groaned

his grandmother, and the servants shook their heads at his depravity. Matilda pursued and laid ungentle hands on him, he struggling valiantly and shouting the mystic formula he had found so potent for entertainment all the afternoon—"Fin' geen baceler, fin' geen baceler." His small face, in spite of arabesques of jam, glowed with purpose and with truth. Mrs. Farnborough rallied and stood erect. She would give him one more chance.

"Come then, Jack, for the last time, where is it?"

He shook himself free of Matilda half way down the stairs.

"Come," repeated his exhausted grandmother, straightening her dishevelled head-gear with a shaking hand. "Where shall we look this last time?"

He stood a moment undecided, his eyes flashing with victory.

"Where?" repeated the quavering old voice above him. Jack looked up and then looked down. The wide world beckoned. Suddenly throwing back his head, he said firmly: "Go see pig!" and darted down stairs and out of the side door.

Mrs. Farnborough tottered back against the wall. Her grandson had cast the Farnborough emeralds before swine!

While a detachment of servants inspected the pigsty, Jack was seized and brought in to bed. Twenty minutes later, according to custom he was led into his grandmother's room to say his prayers. Mrs. Farnborough was prostrate on the sofa, breathing asthmatically. Jack, with recovered serenity but somewhat tired too, looked more like a seraph than ever in his white nightgown with little feet bare and a halo of wild tossed hair. For the first time in her life, his beauty and his infant piety roused no enthusiasm in his grandmother's breast. She half turned away as she saw him coming, and felt feebly in the black velvet reticule that never left her side, for a bottle of salts. She drew forth the emerald bracelet! Far from being pleased at finding it safe in the place where she now remembered she had put it with her own hands, she was so enraged that, instead of listening to his prayers, she sat up suddenly and boxed the seraph's ears. Her agitated words shed no light on the unprovoked attack.

Wounded and weeping, the poor little seraph went back to bed, hopelessly bewildered by the strange manners and customs of the rude tribe with which he had been obliged to cast in his lot. But the magnanimity of childhood rises up renewed each day—putting all un-

worthy lapses out of mind. Not so the grudge-bearing elder: he wakes brooding over wrongs, willing to waste to-day and even barter to-morrow so he may revenge himself on yesterday.

Mrs. Farnborough's unusual Sabbath exertions seemed to result in a slight illness. At all events she kept her bed, and Jack was not privileged to see her for some days. When he did, he was struck, as indeed a less perceptive person might have been, by the contrast between her spirited manners of Sunday and her present prostrate lassitude, the absence of enlivening trinkets about her person, and above all, the subdued nightcap in lieu of the gorgeous multi-coloured headgear.

Jack stared at her with surprise and sympathy. What a falling off was here! He showed her the new whip he had made—but she did not smile. He lifted up the black kitten and held it clawing and mewing quite near enough to be stroked, but the yellow hands lay languid and the dull eyes did not brighten. At last, "Take it away," said the feeble voice, and Matilda fancied it was not even the kitten Mrs. Farnborough meant. The nurse took the child's hand and drew him to one side.

"Poor grandmamma isn't very well. You mustn't bother her," she whispered very low. "Run away and play."

Jack clutched the kitten and looked back full of pity as he was drawn towards the door.

"Poor! Poor!" he said sympathetically, and then breaking away from Matilda he ran back to the bedside with the inspired air of one who has thought of a sovereign remedy.

"Come fin' geen baceler!" he said, seizing the inert hand on the coverlet.

Jack was quite right in his surmise. Mention of that talisman *did* rouse his drooping grandmother, but not exactly as he had intended.

Before the electric suddenness of Mrs. Farnborough's recovery of voice, gesture and facial expression, Jack dropped the black kitten and fled. But he did not know that he was that day turned out of Holy Orders, and that a bishopric had passed from him to his younger brother.

# Hinc Illæ Lachrymæ

Not hence, O Earth, the saddest tears we weep—
That we are puny creatures of thy crust,
And swift revert to our parental dust,
Which breeds from e'en the ashes of our sleep;
Nor that the span of time 'tis ours to creep
Above our graves is darkened by distrust
And marred by sordid cares and pangs unjust;
Not from our pain the deepest tears upleap.

But hence these tears—that through the mists of youth
There gleams a golden world of miracle,
Which, even when its glamour fades and ruth
Has dispossessed our sense that all is well,
Still stirs by lovely face or lofty truth
Some dream of Beauty unpossessable.

I. ZANGWILL.

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A Study

By J. J. Shannon

# To a Girl Singing

Sing to me—sing—and sing again—
My good, great-throated nightingale,
Sing, as the sun sings through the rain,
Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

Sing me of life, and toil, and time—
O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest,
Sing, and once more, as in the prime,
There shall be nothing but the best!

And sing me, at the last of love—
Sing that old magic of the May,
That makes the grey world laugh and move
As lightly as our dream to-day!

W. E. HENLEY.

Sing to me — sing — & sing again —
My soul, great-throated nightingale,
Sing, as the sun sings through the rain,
Sing, as the home-wind in the sail!

2

Sing me of life, & toil, & time —
O bugle of dawn, O flute of zest,
Sing, & once more, as in the prime,
There shall be nothing but the best!

2

And sing me, at the last of love —
Sing that old magic of the May,
That makes the gray world laugh & move
As lightly as our dream to-day!

W. E. Henley

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Two studies of a head

Fred Ramsay

# Bartie and his Friends

By

## Percy White

Author of

"Mr. Bailey-Martin," "The West End,"

&c.

BARTIE was a French poodle as black as midnight and so clever that his mistress, whose name was Alice, believed he was on the point of developing a soul.

"He gives you his paw like a fairy prince," she said "and then his manners!" Every one admitted that these were perfection. His walk, especially when admirers were watching him, was a marvel of dainty, graceful vanity. "Je suis si beau!" he seemed to say. For Bartie understood two languages, and when he was most pleased thought in French.

"How beautifully you have trained him!" said the friends of his mistress.

"Trained him!" exclaimed she. "Why, it's all his own wonderful genius. I never taught him a thing. He is a perfect gentleman. Yesterday I caught him before the glass trying to arrange his own moustaches, poor dear! and when he wants shaving he always comes and tells me. His sense of beauty is wonderful! If his bow is not the exact shade of red suited to his black curls he is quite uneasy until he gets the right one. He is as sensitive as a girl, and he loves me most because I am the only person

who does not laugh at him or discuss his endearing qualities before his sweet face."

Certainly Alice and Bartie were charming friends. Ladies looked after them and exclaimed "How sweet!" when they saw them walking together in the sunshine, she graceful and tall, he stepping behind her with the air of a cavalier following the lady of choice, respectfully, yet with the air of a conqueror.

Supercilious critics who preferred noisy vulgar terriers said Bartie "minced." But this was ridiculous. His gait and deportment were the outward and visible form of his own peculiar semi-human grace.

Bartie lived very happily in the company of Alice and her friends, mixing in no society of his own race, and looking down on the dogs he passed in the street much as a marquis of the Court of Louis XIV. may have regarded the unkempt peasants outside his park palings, too proud to be supercilious.

When vulgar dogs barked at him, Bartie pretended not to hear them, but approached nearer to his mistress's skirts. "That's because he is such a coward," said the careless observers.

"It is because he is too great a gentleman to wrangle with common dogs in the public streets," replied Alice. "He is as brave as a lion, but of a nervous temperament."

Meanwhile, whilst the human circle in which Bartie shone with so pleasing a social lustre studied him, he watched it.

"I am learning all sorts of things," he thought, "and teaching them a lot too. They will end in understanding that it is the worst manners when I am present to leave me out of the conversation, a breach of etiquette of which Alice alone is incapable."

As Bartie's ideas expanded his appreciation of the subjects exciting the interest of Alice and her acquaintances also increased. He knew that it was vulgar as well as silly to be pro-Boer, and was delighted with the "red, white and blue" ribbons which he wore when Mafeking was relieved, although he fully realised that the colours were crude. On the foggy morning on which Lord Roberts entered London he barked three times in the Field-Marshal's honour in spite of the melancholy which had lately settled on his mind.

About this time even Bartie's mistress did not fully fathom his trouble.

It grew oddly enough. It chanced that Alice and her friends were

discussing a book of love letters which Alice said "really were written by a woman very much in love." Her brother-in-law, however, a somewhat conceited middle-aged man with strong views of his own on questions of literature and art, but whose senses were so blunt that he never knew whether Bartie was in the room or not, maintained that they were the work of a man and a mere piece of fiction which he could have written himself if he had wanted to.

On hearing this view Alice turned to Bartie—who was gravely listening, with one paw over the other, "like a sweet graven image," as his mistress declared—and asked him whether he thought he could.

"What is the good of asking him?" said the pompous brother-in-law. "He doesn't know what love is."

"Do you know what love is, Bartie darling?" Alice inquired, patting his curly black head.

Bartie blinked his bright eyes nervously, for he wasn't quite sure that the subject was nice.

Now it chanced that on Christmas Day Alice had been given a beautiful polar bear's skin, white as driven snow. The white fur set off the poodle's beauty to perfection, but whether it was the opulent splendours of the bear skin, or the fact, of which I think he was conscious, that it displayed his own swarthy fascinations so admirably, at all events Bartie fell visibly under the spell. "What on earth has happened to you and me?" he whispered to the rug, but received no reply.

"The fact is," said Alice to him one day, when she found him stretched on the fur, "the fact is, Bartie, you have fallen in love with my rug."

And the light rushed into Bartie's heart. "It must be love!" he sighed. "What else could it be?"

Then he dropped his eyes from his mistress's to his own carefully tended feet, and fell into a troubled doze.

But Bartie was only allowed in his mistress's room when he entered it with her tea in the morning to call her, and when she came up to look at herself in the glass just before lunch and said severely, "O Bartie, what are you doing here?" he disappeared, quite crestfallen, out of the door.

But he returned again and again to the rug, and Bartie's "infatuation for the Polar Bear" became a joke in the family.

"It is terrible, this being in love," thought Bartie, whenever he had an opportunity of sleeping with the bear's head as a pillow.

"I wonder you are not frightened of his great white teeth," said Alice.

"His teeth are in my heart," sighed Bartie.

And so for a whole fortnight he confided his emotions to the snow-white hide which had once gleamed across the ice-packs in enchanted polar lights.

"The soul of the slaughtered monster," said the brother-in-law, who prided himself on his imagination, "has entered into Bartie."

"He is a lazy, self-indulgent dog," was the explanation which the owners of sporting terriers gave, "and has no more soul than an oyster."

But even in the most refined the primitive instincts prevail.

One day a friend came to spend the day with Alice, bringing with her a beautiful tawny poodle, exquisitely barbered and wearing the sweetest bow in her curls.

"Bartie," said his mistress, "this is Miss Fadette fresh from Paris."

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle," said Bartie, his heart beginning to beat strangely. "Are you a lady from gay Paris?"

"It is true, I am a Parisienne, Monsieur," she replied in the French tongue.

And while the ladies lunched, Fadette and Bartie made friends and listened to the conversation, which to the extreme surprise of Fadette turned to the subject of Bartie's infatuation.

"He's quite in love with the rug," said Alice, "and talks to it for hours."

Fadette looked at Bartie in wonder. "It seems to me that you have a very droll disposition, Monsieur," said she.

"Not uncommon," replied Bartie, forgetting even his grammar in his confusion.

"You must let me see your charming friend," said Fadette satirically.

And after lunch, the most ridiculous dog in London presented Fadette to the big white skin.

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas — l'amour!" exclaimed she, moved to an ecstasy of mirth. "Mes compliments, Monsieur!"

Her amusement made Bartie very sad.

"You think I'm a fool!" said he, hanging his moustaches between his paws, "but one must love something."

"Alas! yes," replied Fadette, dropping her eyes, "one must."

"And you, too, have suffered?" said he, looking up.

"All friends are not so faithful as that warm white fur," said Fadette sadly. "False hearts may beat under the glossiest coats."

"Only a mean cur could treat you badly!" said Bartie, frowning.

Fadette sighed. "I am not," said she with ready tact, "referring to a personal experience."

"Are you free, then?" asked Bartie, encouraged by the tender melancholy of her manner. "I mean, do you walk out with any one at present?"

"This is too sudden!" exclaimed Fadette modestly. "Give me time!"

"You are lovely, Fadette. I was a fool about the cosy inanimate fur. Ah! 'tis you I love."

At this point the door opened and the ladies entered.

"There!" exclaimed Alice, "I told you he had brought Fadette to see the rug!"

But Bartie's burning eyes were fixed on Fadette, who, with modest tenderness, returned his ardent gaze.

"Will you," he murmured in a voice shaken with emotion "be my betrothed?"

"You are my first and only love!" said Fadette sentimentally.

This was not quite true, but her emotion made her believe it for the moment.

"How oddly they are behaving!" said their owners.

Then they all four went for a walk in Kensington Gardens, Fadette and Bartie following so closely that their curls mingled.

"Not quite so close, please," said Fadette. "You will disarrange my ribbons."

"It doesn't matter, dear," said Bartie; "aren't we engaged?"

"Bow! wow! whoh!" replied she, making a coquettish frisk.

"I knew she couldn't resist me!" he reflected as he galloped after her.

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Sketch of a Figure for a "Punch" Drawing

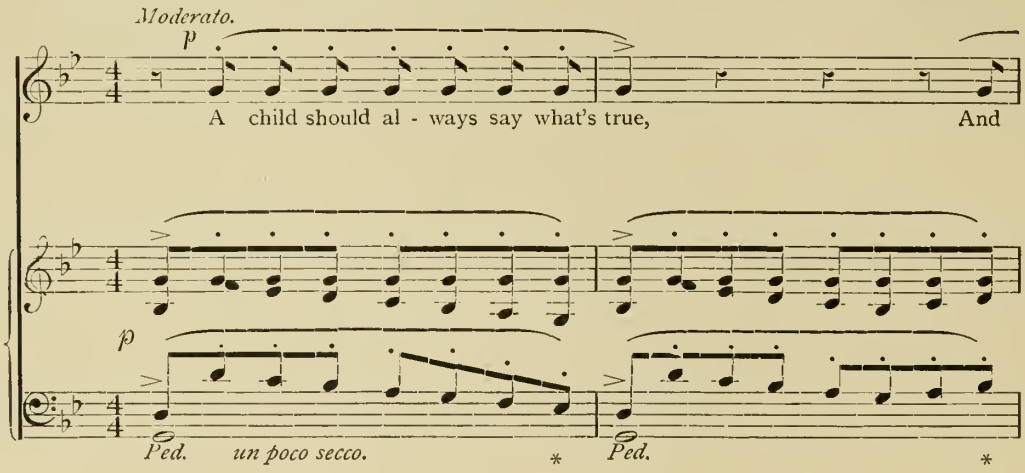
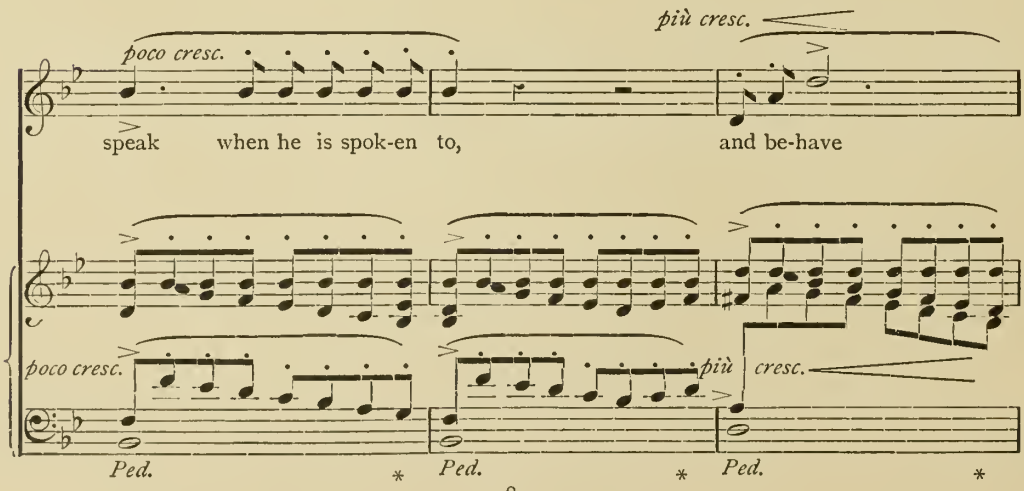
By Bernard Partridge

LIZA LEHMANN

*Photographed by Deneulain*

# A Child's Whole Duty

*(From "A Child's Garden of Verse")*

*Words by* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Music by* LIZA LEHMANN.

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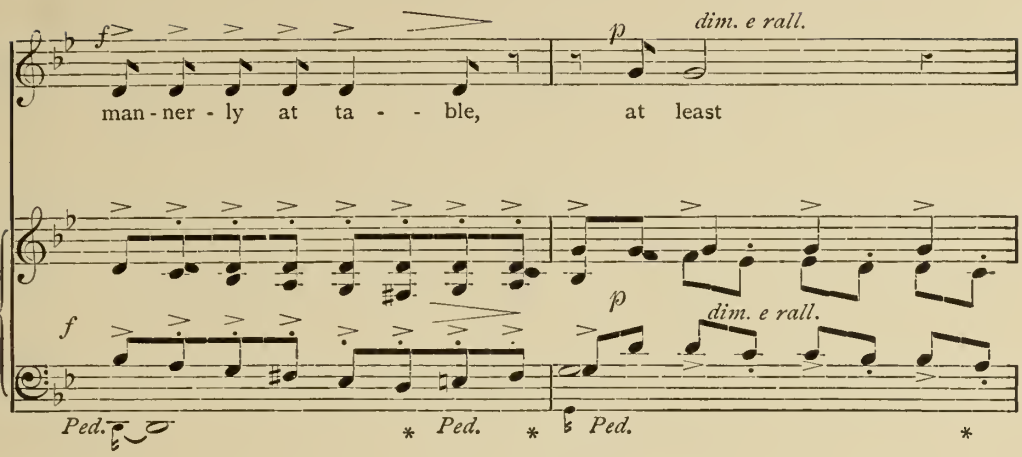
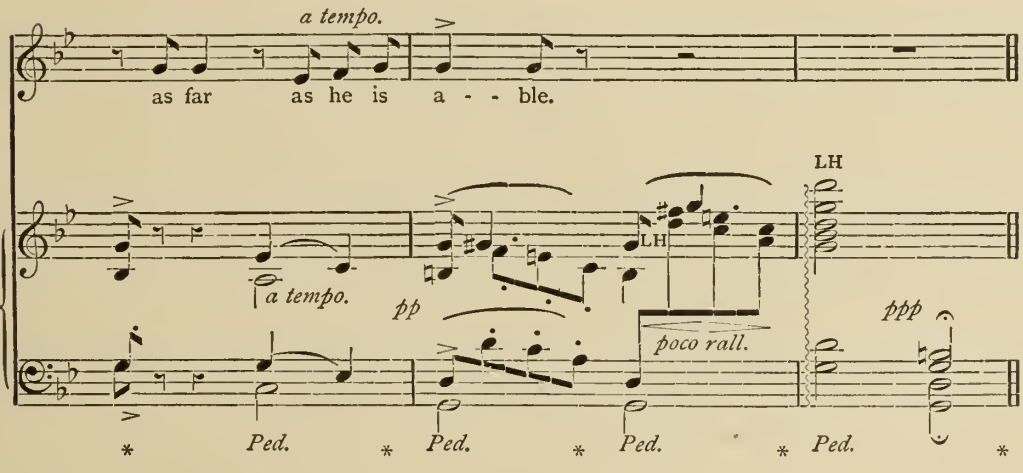


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# One More Unfortunate

By

## Arthur Morrison

BILL HARNELL, lighterman, red and hairy, clumped home late up Old Gravel Lane. For such bad times as these on the river, Bill had had a lucky spell, and he bore its trophies with him. A new pair of water-boots is a thing of consideration, a matter of thirty-five shillings; a piece of trade gear renewed on momentous days, years apart, when the fates are propitious and savings adequate; days remembered with birth-days and wedding-days. This had been such a day; more, it was a day of general rig-out, and Bill Harnell's blue serge coat, thick as a board, was new and stiff from the slop-shop, as also was his cap. Where light fell from a shop window a bulging pocket was observable in the new coat, with an exposed wrap of paper and a fishtail—signs of supper provided for. And so Bill Harnell, rolling at the shoulders, stiff and heavy below the knees, clumped home that evening up Old Gravel Lane, reflective.

Truly he was a fortunate man, and not as so many in the swamp of humanity about him. There were some whom the price of his water-boots would keep in better raiment than their own for two years and more, and to whom his serge coat, when rotten and threadbare with time, would be a prize worth risking a life for; many who at that moment might be debating whether or not more of life were worth the waiting for—for want of an unconsidered morsel of that supper that bulged his coat-pocket.

Was Bill Harnell clairvoyant? Two hundred yards ahead, where

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William Nicholson.
1899.

shadow was. Two seconds more of staring, and Bill followed in his wet socks. But the passage was empty. It led into an alley; the alley was empty also. Bill Harnell returned, and found a stranger or two.

"Lor'!" said an immense woman who kept her hands under her apron. "Done 'im for 'is boots, pore bloke. Wot a shame!"

"Wet, mate?" asked another, kindly.

"It's jist the same ol' game," pursued the first. "They done it afore, many's a time. It's water-boots they tries for mostly. They ought t' 'ave six munse, both on 'em—'er an' 'er bloke. *She* won't never be drownded; swims like anythink!"

"Wot's 'er name?" demanded Bill, as the state of the case grew apparent. "Oo are they, an' where do they live?"

The faces about him were instantly expressionless as a brick wall. "No—we dunno, mate," came the reply in far-away tones, "we dunno nothin' about 'em. You go 'ome 'fore you ketch cold."

His teeth were chattering already. "An' if I'd 'a' let 'er drownd," he mumbled dismally, "I might 'a' got five bob for findin' the body!" And this was the truth.

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A Recollection

By Dudley Hardy

# A Japanese Tree

By

## Frank Danby

LADY PLAINE-STALLWAY was as poor as the proverbial church mouse. She had all the disadvantages of long descent, aristocratic relations, and a position in society that was as convenient to her income as a tight boot on a hot day. It is not difficult therefore to picture her chronic condition of nerves and temper, and perhaps it would be flattery to describe her only as an irritable woman. She was that, but she was also a woman whom the long persistent social low fever had left drained of conscience and with an atrophied heart.

Elaine was her only daughter. Anæmic, pale, and frightened, the child had grown up under the shadow of her mother's thwarted ambitions, and grown up, shadowed. But when she was seventeen Lady Plaine-Stallway began to look upon her as a possible asset, and discovered she had blue eyes, a good set of teeth, an abundance of fair hair, and was sufficiently attenuated to be made into a good figure. This was done, and, garbed in white, her hair charmingly dressed, she was exhibited at the first drawing-room of the season. Elaine was then described in the *Daily Mail* as "the beautiful daughter of Lady Plaine-Stallway." The description, to a certain extent justified, was added to the asset, which immediately began to take important proportions.

"Elaine," said Lady Plaine-Stallway, coming into the schoolroom abruptly, two days after the presentation, "Gerald asked me last night whether you ever rode in the Park; I told him you only discontinued

doing so because I had been obliged to sell your horse. As Gerald is your first cousin I see no objection to accepting his offer to lend you one for the season; he will keep it in his own stable. He is sending it round at eleven this morning. Mind you are dressed in time."

She cast a glance of appraisement, mingled with a certain personal contempt, at her daughter.

Elaine, very still, had been leaning out of the window, gazing into the Square; the soft buds that she had watched for a week now, had burst in the night into sudden leaf; there was a haze of green over all the Square, a sweet mystery that brought tears to her wistful blue eyes, set strangely deep in her childish face. She had started when her mother came into the room; she always started at the sound of her voice; and her pale face grew paler.

"I am to ride?" she said dully.

"Try not to be such a fool," said her mother sharply. "Your cousin, Lord Hamlin, is going to take you riding. Don't pretend not to understand; he was at the reception at your aunt's; don't you remember that he talked to you?"

"Yes," dreamily, "he told me about some lilies; they were on the table, white, with yellow petals; there are some like them in the gardens at Beaulieu."

"Did you ever see a lily that wasn't white, idiot!"

She banged the door as she went out: the girl had always been a fool, her stupidity seemed to grow with her growth. She no longer had those extraordinary fits of excitability or naughtiness that had made her childhood pass in a long procession of punishments, of solitude and bread and water. Lady Plaine-Stallway had been a strict disciplinarian. Elaine was no longer subject to those strange fits of excitability; she was very obedient, but her stupidity seemed to increase. She put her fingers to her ears when her mother banged out of the room: she hated noise. In a minute she was hanging out of the window again, and the green stole o'er her, and soothed her perturbed spirit. Nursie, Elaine's old nurse, who was maid to her now, and dressmaker, and Heaven knows what besides, had, however, had her instructions. She roused the girl gently from her abstraction, put her into her riding things, had her in the hall in time.

Gerald Hamlin had been attracted by the girl at the Drawing-room tea, there was no doubt about that. He hated his aunt—it was a way

they had in the family ; and his unknown cousin in her white dress with the long train, high feathers and Parisian pearls, looked so incongruous and forlorn and frightened that he found himself watching and pitying her.

" What a devil of a time she must have had with that terrible woman," was the thought in his mind when he moved over to her side. The pity deepened as he talked to her, she seemed outside that crowd of bright-plumaged, chattering jays of women that filled the room with their shrill voices and restless flutterings. Elaine was like moonlight, pale, with a soft appeal. Beautiful eyes she raised to him, a little wandering, he could not see into their depths. Her lips too were tremulous, but sweet and curved ; she only answered him in monosyllables.

" Frightened to death of that woman ; hardly dares to open her mouth, Rossetti mouth too, wonderful red. What a damned shame it is ; wonder what she'd look like if she had a good time ? "

The offer of a horse was the outcome of his reflections.

But she hardly spoke more when she was out with him that first morning ; a little colour stole into her cheek, the colour of the inside leaves of a white rose ; Gerald, looking at her, thought the cheek was as soft, as exquisite. She was very silent, very shy, but he had been " the best match of the season " for six or seven years, and had been consequently deluged with talk by aspiring Americans. Elderly girls who believed that the Peerage married the Stage because ballet girls were more amusing than *débutantes*, had wooed him with exasperating archness, and assumed a thousand stale coquetries for his benefit. The novelty of the position had palled, he was sick of being " entertained." Elaine's silence, her delicate porcelain beauty, appealed to him in some strange ways ; he wanted to see her dimple into smiles ; it made him ache when he rode away and left her at her mother's door. He thought there was an appeal in her eyes, that their wistful wandering questioned him, or his chivalry. In this particular way he had never been moved before. The image of her ; head a little drooping, slender figure, and always the blue eyes ; followed him into his chambers, made society vulgar, the theatres garish. He told himself constantly that she was only a child ; it was the formula with which he stopped himself feeling, and deliberately began to think. But the thrill was in the thought of her, nevertheless, and the thrill had only one meaning. Child though she was, incomprehensible as she was, silent as she had been, it meant—Desire.

And why not? She was his cousin, as well born, as well bred as he. He had a rent roll of thirty thousand a year, a colliery, and one or two other little things that made luxury possible. His aunt was terrible, horrible, but he could pension her off. She could live on the Continent, go into the country, accept the use of the little place in Scotland; do a hundred things that his calmer thought might have assured him she would purposely refrain from doing.

But once he had got so far as to think of what he should do to get rid of Lady Plaine-Stallway, he left off trying to drive away the pale face of his cousin or to stop the thrill when it came. It came when he looked at her at the theatre, at dinner parties. She was always quiet, shrinking by the side of her mother; but there was a smile in her eyes now with which to welcome him, the smile that lingered about her tremulous mouth when they rode together in the sweet spring morning.

One day when they rode up to the door, Lady Plaine-Stallway, just returned from her rigid constitutional, met them, asked Gerald if he would come in, join them at lunch.

"Can I?" he said doubtfully, looking at his riding things. "Shall I?' he asked softly, as he helped her to dismount.

He was always so kind, so gentle to her; he talked to her, and his voice was pleasant: they had ridden through the spring together, and when he was with her her mother's voice was not harsh nor discordant about her.

"I should like you to be here all the time," she said quickly in the same tone as his own, casting a hurried, half-frightened glance at her mother, in her uncompromising bugles and black kid gloves, clad in the Court mourning that was as intrusive as the caw of a rook. That frightened glance, that whispered answer, finished off Lord Hamlin. He was a saturnine-looking young man, his enemies said of him; as cold as ice, according to the brides he had rejected, but he liked to see women happy, he had been used to seeing happy girls and women. What was the matter with this unhappy child? He felt his heart jump when he saw that glance of hers. He wanted to take her in his arms, shelter her, make her smile at him, and see all her pallor melt into dimples and rose petals. It was pity, or love, or both. He made his proposal abruptly five minutes afterwards, without premeditation, when he looked up from the paper he had taken up and saw his aunt, instead of Elaine. After all, he was bound to marry one day, it was his duty to marry.

Any of the other girls he had known would have taken care to be down before their mother; there was not a trace of artifice about Elaine; she was absolutely guileless.

"Elaine will be down in a few minutes. Did John show you where you could wash your hands? This wretched little house has every possible inconvenience——

"Aunt," he said, plunging into *medias res;* "I want you to give Elaine to me. She looks unhappy——"

"Did you expect her to be happy, or me either, on the wretched pittance your uncle left us?"

"If it's nothing but want of means——"

"What else should it be? Do you think I beat her?"

He disregarded the query; vaguely he thought his aunt was capable of that or any other atrocity.

"I don't know whether she cares for me or not," he went on quietly. "I have had little or no talk with her. She is so shy, so quiet, so unlike other girls. I want you to give me the opportunity of getting to know her better; I don't want to startle her."

"She is not so easily startled; apathetic rather. She takes after the Plaine-Stallways, not the Fitzgeralds."

"Will you give me the opportunity of finding out for myself who she takes after?"

"You've had opportunities enough, Heaven knows, riding together morning after morning. No! you can't go dangling about after her the whole season, every one questioning and wondering about your intentions, and all her chances spoilt: you wouldn't dare to suggest it if your uncle was alive, or if he'd left me in the position I ought to have been left in. I should like to hear you asking Belgravia whether you might dangle after Victoria for three months, to see if you liked her well enough to make her your wife. It makes me sick to see how differently people are considered when they have means."

The Duke of Belgravia was the head of the family; Victoria his harsh featured daughter; there was some truth in Lady Plaine-Stallway's bitter speech, the honesty in him recognised it. And then Elaine glided in, as she always came, more like a spirit than a girl, in her white summer muslin.

"Come here, Elaine; your cousin has just insulted me, through you; I shall stop these rides——"

"Oh, no!" Her eyes filled with tears, she rushed to him, "Oh! no, don't let her." She took his hand, "Don't let her stop them, I want to ride with you." He detained her hand, held it, she was a child, but the imploring eyes, dismayed face, the ready tears made his heart throb. He must protect her. He drew her to him, it was under the basilisk eye of his aunt, but he was strong in his purpose, gentle too.

"Elaine, give yourself to me; you shall ride, drive with me, be with me when you will. Be my wife, dear." His arm was round her, she put her head against his shoulder, nestled up to him.

"I want to be with you," she said; "when you are with me it is always Spring, and there are only singing voices." A quaint and pretty fancy he thought. He turned to his aunt.

"Then it is settled," he said quietly. "Elaine consents to be my wife."

"You've settled it yourselves, I've had nothing to do with it," she answered coldly, "and now you'd better come in to lunch. Perhaps, later on, you'll condescend to inform me how soon you can make it convenient for the wedding to take place, as I may wish to go abroad." With Elaine's small hand confidingly in his, the young man had no resentment in him.

"The sooner the better," he answered gaily, for his heart was light. He liked the cling of the little hand, the feel of the slight arm that he pressed as he led her into the dining-room. "The sooner the better."

So it was arranged. Elaine nor Gerald had voice in the matter. Lady Plaine-Stallway dominated the lunch, the situation, sent the announcement to the papers, wrote letters to the family; did everything but permit those opportunities for which Gerald's manly spirit longed. He never saw Elaine alone, he never found the occasion for drawing her out, for making her talk confidentially to him, for getting behind the veil of reserve and finding the soul of the girl whom he was making his life companion. For excuse there were always dressmakers, or the claims of relatives, conventional laws enforced by his aunt, and a succession of wedding gifts, wedding guests, wedding preparations that stood like a heavy curtain between him and the girl.

To say that he was satisfied would be untrue. The oftener he saw Elaine the more her beauty enchanted him: it was ethereal, rare, and

delicate ; there was a spirituality about it that fascinated him. She said quaint, wonderful things to him, strange things ; he could not always follow her. He gave her diamonds. At first she had seemed indifferent, had pushed them away ; but afterwards, a few days afterwards, she had confided in him.

"I didn't care for them at first ; cold, hard things; I didn't want them. But I held them up, close to my eyes, and there were pictures in them, colours and strange lights and stories, stories about heaven, and pictures of the sky. I love them now. But the pearls are dull. I think the pearls are like me. Don't give me any more pearls, Gerald, they make me sad, they don't say anything, they just lie there all pale, and when I hold them to my eyes there is nothing—only pearls."

Very rare were these talks ; never a chance when the man could take the girl in his arms, and with his lips on hers draw out the woman from the child's mouth. Did the woman sleep in her? Was there a woman behind the girl that dreamed and talked of dreams? But she clung to him, she told him she was only happy when he was there ; she cried sometimes when he left her. She caressed him with her eyes, her voice, nestled to his side when it was possible. He was not quite satisfied, he was not quite happy. She filled all his time and all his thoughts, but the formula had changed from "she is only a child" to "it will be all right when we are married : she has been bullied and frightened, she has not had a chance to develop ; she is so different from other girls."

He was putting the town-house in order for her. Lady Plaine-Stallworthy chaperoned her when they selected curtains, carpets, new furniture. Elaine was listless when in her mother's presence, spoke little, and only when directly addressed : seemed to take no interest in the details of their home. This worried him ; he spoke to her once about it, gently, but in truth he was hurt by it. She hung her head.

"It is quite true, I don't care." Her hand slid into his. "Are you angry with me Gerald? Don't be angry ; I never care about the things that mother chooses. I don't want to live in London, and see people. I want to live in the country, and be only with you."

She did not resent his reproaches more than this ; there was nothing that she resented : not the studied jibe of an unsuccessful rival, not the honeyed sneer of mothers with large families of unappropriated daughters, not, in words, her mother's harsh voice nor jarring methods. She moved among them all, amongst that fashionable superficial social set, as one

completely abstracted. Her wondering blue eyes missed so much, yet saw so much, Gerald could not understand her always, grew in truth a little irritable, uncomfortable, doubtful. He was going to have a sweet tempered wife—but—was he going to have a wife at all, or a gentle child with beautiful fancies, who loved him as a child loves, because he was kind to her?

The doubt grew tumultuous on one of those furnishing excursions. They were in a shop in Bond Street, looking for Japanese curios, for Fashion and Lady Plaine-Stallway had decreed that they were to have an oriental lounge in Grosvenor Square. Elaine had been quiet, dull, whilst they had inspected lacquer work, idols in ivory with grotesque heads, elaborately carved boxes and plaques with flowers and birds in mother-o'-pearl. Her eyes had wandered round the shop; the sandal-wood, the scent made her head heavy.

"You're looking at that tree, milady;" the dusky salesman had been watching her; "that tree is nearly two hundred years old. Shall I tell miladi the story of that tree?" He spoke in a low voice, with strange accent, his narrow eyes intent on hers.

The tree was in the window, a quaint dwarf thing, with a thick and gnarled and misshapen trunk and spreading branches of green leaves. It was a tree that might have grown for hundred of years in some sunny English lawn, but here in its blue and oriental pot, on its black carved stand, it was incongruous by its very majesty, a thing of shadows and stories, deformed from its purpose, mystical.

"It looks like a magnificent historical oak seen through the wrong end of a telescope," exclaimed Gerald.

"Tell me about it," said Elaine, a vertigo upon her; the fantastic thing alive and haunting. "I almost see it, tell it me quickly."

"Yes, milady, it was this way——"

"Elaine! we have other places to go to——" Her eyes were fixed on the salesman, and she brushed her mother's remark aside.

"Tell me the story."

Gerald had never seen her quite like this before: she had forgotten to be frightened of her mother; the tree was growing alive before her; she seemed away from them, a hundred miles away from them; the low voice droned on.

"It was planted by one Kassim, a gardener, who fell in love with his master's daughter. Mano was sent away and married to a great

Prince, and then she died. On one of our Japanese flower festivals, when the spirits of the departed come to visit those they have left forlorn, she came back to Kassim, all in white, white kimono, white chrysanthemums in her hair, and whispered to him that he was to plant an oak for her, to water it with his blood, and when the oak had become a tree she would come to him on the Festival of the Dead and take him with her to the Japanese Paradise. You see the pinkness of the branches, milady, and near this bulbular root a patch of deeper pink; that is the blood of Kassim. He tended this tree the whole year long for many and many a year, and always on the Feast of the Dead he waited for Mano to take him away with her, but always she said 'Not yet,' for the tree grew slowly, though Kassim tended it night and day. He watered it with his blood, his life flowed into it; but only when he was an old man, quite an old man, shrivelled and bent and bowed, they found him one morning, dead, beside the tree, his pruning knife by his side, and a great gash in his throat from whence the blood, congealed now, had run over the roots of the still young tree. His body was covered with gashes, where each year he had poured out some of his life-blood for Mano's tree. Milady," he whispered, "Kassim was my ancestor. Take the tree, milady, take it for Mano's sake."

Elaine's eyes had dilated, then narrowed, her face was very pale. Lady Plaine-Stallway seemed only anxious and impatient to get out of the shop.

"A pack of rubbish!" she ejaculated, but nobody noticed it. Gerald was annoyed, uneasy, he could hardly say why. Elaine looked strangely, spoke even in an unnatural voice.

"It is my tree, Gerard."

"Certainly, of course." He told the tradesman to send the tree to Egerton Crescent; he did not even stay to question the price: he wanted to get out of the atmosphere of sandal wood and idols, of branches of pink almond blossom, and oriental ornament. Elaine lingered behind a moment to whisper:

"Tell Mano I will take care of it." The man bowed low before her. "Milady will be happy," he said.

In the carriage she was silence personified, scarcely seeming to see or hear what was going on, her eyes vacant.

For two or three days after that Gerald saw nothing of his betrothed; he was told she was ill, over-fatigued, needed complete rest. They were

within a week of the wedding, but his sense of uneasiness, of doubt, deepened rather than lessened. He caught hold of the old nurse one day when he saw her going upstairs, just as he had been told for the fifth time that Miss Plaine-Stallway was ill, too ill to see him. He knew the old woman; she had been in the family as long as he could remember.

"Here, Nanny, what's wrong with Miss Elaine: what's the matter with her? I want to know."

"She's just wore out with the excitement, that's what she is," said the old woman tremulously. Her eyes were red-rimmed with watching or crying. "Don't you be nervous about her, Mr. Gerald, don't you. She'll be all right when she's married: when she gets away from her Ma." The old woman looked around her apprehensively, "She gets on her nerves, that's what she do: she'll be all right when you get her away."

That was what he hoped, but somehow his heart was heavy on his wedding day when he stood at the altar beside a very ghost of a bride whose fixed eyes hardly seemed to see him. Everything had been hurried; afterwards it seemed to him there had been nothing but hurry from the day he had rushed into his unpremeditated proposal until the moment he found himself alone in the railway carriage with his newly made bride, and a big oriental pot containing a Japanese dwarf tree.

"What the devil's that?" he said to his man. The man touched his hat respectfully, though the tree was an immense weight, and there had already been some strange talk in the servants' hall.

"It's her ladyship's tree, milord. Her ladyship wouldn't leave it behind. Her maid said she wouldn't travel without it; she said I was to put it in her carriage with her." Gerald's face was not a bridegroom's face, as the train went off. Elaine touched his arm gently.

"You are angry I brought Mano's tree?" He responded quickly to the movement, had his arm about her.

"Not angry, sweet, surprised. I hoped you would want nothing but me."

There was more passion in the embrace than in any he had yet given her; it seemed to him they were alone for the first time, though that grotesque thing in the corner made the solitude less than perfect. His lips sought hers, but there was no answer on them; she shrank rather from him.

"I don't like you when you are like that, when you are rough; Gerald, don't."

He was ashamed. Yet through that long morning hope was alive in his heart, though fear knocked loud for entrance.

Sitting beside her now, gazing at her fairness, at her sweetness, her delicate cheek that illness had robbed of bloom, the blue eyes that illness had sunk deeper, his knocking fear took words.

"Is she only a child, not yet aroused to womanhood, or is there—can there be—" the sweat gathered on his brow and his lips grew dry; "can there be anything wrong, anything deficient, anything different to other girls—in her intellect? No; my aunt never could have been such a villain; such infamy would be impossible." How weak he had been. Why had he not let his uneasiness find words before? But, it was impossible, absurd, he was making an ass of himself. He looked at his bride, she turned to him.

"Are you cross, Gerald?" There were tears in her eyes, her lips were quivering.

"*The ways of a man with a maid, the ways of a man with a maid,*" were the words that came to him. Perhaps everything depended on him, everything. He strove hard for full control over himself, she was but a child in years. He was tender and gentle with her, tender and gentle only; and soon she was smiling at him, fully reassured.

"Tell me about your illness, dear. I hated not seeing you." At that she shrank a little.

"Mamma told me never to speak about it." And the knock of Fear at his heart was loud; she must have heard it, she put her hand in his. "But Nursie told me I was always to tell you everything. It began at the shop where I heard about Kassim and Mano. Mano and Kassim were both there," her voice grew dreamy, "Kassim called out 'Buy me, buy me,' and I asked you. Then I was in Japan a long time, in Tokio, beneath the shadow of the Fuji, and the cherry was in blossom, pink, the air was exquisite. I was there a long time; Mano and Kassim walked in the garden, and I walked with them. Mano was the daughter of a Daimyo; did you know that? She had almond eyes, and her hair was brought down in a peak on her forehead, just like the shape of Fuji in the mist. They were very unhappy, they could never be married. Mano was promised to the Marquis Ito, and Kassim was only a gardener. I was there when the cherries were in blossom, and still in chrysanthemum time, when Mano said 'good-bye' to him, three days before she was to be married. I was there"—here her voice sank to a whisper—"a long

time, many years, on the Festivals of the Dead, when the feasts were made for them, and the little ships launched; and when Mano came back and whispered to Kassim, and he planted the tree, and said they would live together there, and always afterwards he cut himself that his life-blood might water it and then——

"When I came back I was in bed, I was very tired, I had been a long way. Mamma was there, very angry, like she used to be when I was little, and Nursie was there, and told me to rest, but I was too tired, and Mamma frightened me. Gerald," she turned to him suddenly, "am I like other girls? Do they go away like that?"

"You have sweet fancies, dearest;" but the knock of Fear was louder than the throb of the engine that took them farther and farther on their honeymoon; "you know you only fancy these things." His voice shook.

"Sometimes I know it," she whispered.

The Duke had lent them Beaulieu for a month. But it was only two days after his marriage when Gerald, set-faced, travel-stained, dashed up to Egerton Crescent in a hansom, and demanded to see his aunt. The hall was full of luggage, he was told her ladyship was going abroad; in an hour he would have been too late. He knew that, and she too, as they faced each other in the dismantled drawing-room. He was haggard, his eyes shocked, it was evident he had not slept. If the woman was nervous she concealed it well; she stood there, as erect as ever; opened the conversation.

"Why are you in town? How have you left Elaine? Business brings you up, I suppose."

His lips were very dry, and he found his voice with an effort.

"Yes! it was business that brought me up, and I left Elaine, much as you might have expected I should leave her—just returning to consciousness after an epileptic fit, to which it seems she has been subject since childhood."

Lady Plaine-Stallway's face grew a shade grey, but her lips never quivered as she gazed at him coldly.

"I do not understand what you are telling me. Elaine never had an epileptic fit in her life. She was nervous and impressionable. If she was overstrained, or harshly treated, she was apt to faint away: many delicately nurtured girls faint easily. If Elaine is ill you must have been wanting in consideration, in kindliness. Why have you come to me?"

The blood rose to his cheeks.

"I believe you to be a thoroughly wicked woman. I believe you to have given Elaine to me knowing her to be unfit for any man's wife. I *am* in town on business: I am going to get this marriage annulled, I am going to have the whole matter threshed out."

Her face changed at that, she made a step towards him, she opened her mouth as if to plead with him, but the look of disgust on his face, the backward movement, as if he would not have her near him, altered the phrase on her lips.

"You would not do that, you would not disgrace your own name, your own family. Tell me exactly what has happened."

"That infernal tree"—he covered his eyes with his hands a moment—"she would have it with us in the railway, afterwards it was taken up to the bedroom. She talked fancifully, as a child talks. . . . I was very gentle with her . . . In the morning, by an accident, I was not quite myself, I upset the stand on which the tree stood, the pot was smashed, she shrieked out. . . . My God! you should have seen her face, her clenched hands, bitten lips, her horrible contortions, her squinting eyes. . . . I sent off at once for a doctor. He told me the disease was evidently of long standing. She was quieter last night when I left, but she didn't know me. Woman!" he turned fiercely upon her, "why did you do this thing, *why* did you blast my life?" His rage overpowered him, the remembrance of the scenes he had gone through. His misery left her unmoved, her resolve was taken on the instant.

"You are evidently a man of uncontrollable passions; your present behaviour proves it. I will go to my unfortunate daughter: you had better return to Beaulieu with me. I have no doubt whatever that the regrettable incident of your breaking her tree, I suppose in some access of absurd jealousy, or ill-temper, has caused the attack of which you speak."

But the attack proved more serious, more severe, more lasting in its effect than any other of those that had made Elaine's childhood hideous. Locking a delicate, sensitive child of seven in a dark room for six hours at a time had marked the onset of the first. Excitement of any sort, trouble with her lessons, any deviations from the simplest routine life had started others. But with the advent of Nannie, with Lady Plaine-Stallway's gradual recognition of the fact that Nature interposed its sternest commands between her drastic methods and her gentle daughter,

Elaine's health had improved. She was unlike other girls, that was all ; full of dreams and fancies, a very gentle creature. Her governesses had found her teachable, her tutors docile. There was nothing the matter with her intellect apparently until her unhappy marriage.

It was all threshed out in Court on the unlucky day that Lord Hamlin took his wrongs before a tribune of his fellow countrymen. The learned Judge and the intelligent Jury heard from the counsel engaged by Lady Plaine-Stallway that her daughter, Lady Hamlin, had been very attached to her tree, that she had woven pretty imaginative fancies round it, that she had watered and tended it herself. She was very young, little more than a child in years, and Lady Plaine-Stallway had opposed the marriage, and only been forced to give her consent through the vehemence and insistence of Lord Hamlin. In the very earliest days of his honeymoon, Lord Hamlin had wantonly destroyed the cherished tree, the plaything of her childhood. Was it wonderful that the shock of his brutality had proved too much for her overstrained nerves? The learned Counsel who appeared for the respondent in the celebrated nullity suit, waxed eloquent and pathetic over his theme, as he drew a vivid picture of the scene that resulted in the crash of china and the collapse of the delicate girl. One of the jury was moved to tears. The Judge, in his summing up, was very severe upon Lord Hamlin ; he told him if he had more sympathy, more consideration with his young wife, he might now be a happy married man. He was very strong on the infamy of his conduct in coming into Court, after having driven his wife into a condition of frenzy, to ask for a decree of nullity on the grounds that the lady was insane at the time of her marriage, and that he had been tricked into it. There was not a shadow of evidence to support his case, on the contrary, it had been proved that he had ridden morning after morning with his *fiancée*, had gone out with her almost daily into society. The suit ought never to have been brought. Then he very solemnly repeated an excerpt from the Marriage Service and dismissed the suit.

Lady Plaine-Stallway enjoys in the very best society the income her son-in-law settled upon her ; she has much sympathy from her friends, and every one says "misfortune has sweetened her, she is much more amiable, less bitter since that frightful affair with her daughter and Lord Hamlin ; the young man always had a shocking temper, one has only

to look at him to be sure of it, so dark, so forbidding, what a terrible scene that must have been. They do say——" and the rest was whispered. Lady Plaine-Stallway was certainly improved in temper, but then it is much easier to be amiable on two thousand a year with no establishment and no daughter, than on eight hundred with both these encumbrances.

Elaine has her jointure, a suite of rooms and two attendants, at Dr. Blythe's famous establishment. The Japanese tree has been happily replaced. She found it before her when she awoke from the cataleptic condition that followed her epileptic seizure. She is a very gentle creature when the fits are not on her: imagines herself now to be Mano and holds long conversations with the Kassim. She has forgotten she has ever been married, but she likes to see Gerald when he comes. He is very kind and gentle with her, fills her room with Japanese toys and trifles, and has even pleasure in adding to her happiness. There are long branches of pink almond blossom, and a whole forest of trees in her sitting-room.

They tell him there is little in her disease to endanger life. Her intelligence, it is already sadly deteriorated since he first met her, will grow feebler and feebler, but it is more than probable that her physical condition will improve.

Lord Hamlin has a profound contempt for the laws of his country, and the intelligence of its administrators. He keeps his opinion of Lady Plaine-Stallway to himself when he enjoys his domestic felicity at Dr. Blythe's establishment.

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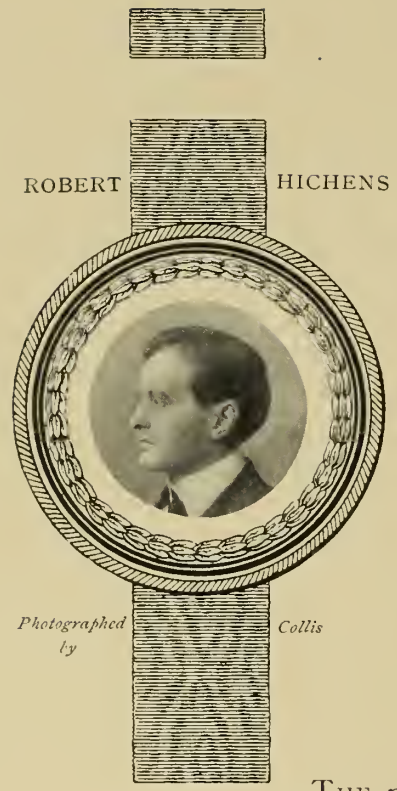
*Contributed by Marion H. Spielmann*

Sketch of a Sea-fight

By W Van de Velde




# Smaïn

*"When the Saharaman is in love he plays upon the pipe."*
—Sahara Saying

The palms of Sidi-Amrane
  Stand delicately still,
Beside the Bordj the Kabyle dogs
  Bark on their sandy hill:
Girl-children, veiled in purple, play
  With boys in moonbeam-white—
But Smaïn, amorous and alone,
  Pipes to the starry night.

Around red fires the Nomads throng
  To eat their soup, fire-red;
The village Sheik and his five black sons
  Break solemnly their bread;
And Kaïd Ali smokes his keef
  With an idol's grave delight—
But Smaïn, amorous and alone,
  Pipes to the starry night.

# Smaïn

The tents are dark, the Spahi dreams
  His hobbled horse beside;
The jackal laughs by the dead gazelle
  Where the salt lake stretches wide;
Above the Marabout's brown door
  The camel's head grins white—
And Smaïn, amorous and alone,
  Pipes to the starry night.

Each jingling Ouled-Naïl
  Has laid her plumes away,
Her great gold crown, and her small gold coins,
  And her Fatma-hands that pray;
The Sand-diviner drops the grains
  That tell the Future's flight—
But Smaïn, amorous and alone,
  Pipes to the starry night.

ROBERT HICHENS.

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a page from my sketch book

# The Fairy Cow

By

## Mrs. Clement Shorter

ONCE on a time, in a green place in Ireland, there dwelt a little colony of people. There were dark-eyed women and strong pleasant men, and it was a great place for babies—every cottage had at least six. But the number was not limited. Many a time if you walked down the principal street of the village (which was the only one) you would see in the doorways as many as twelve beautiful heads glittering with golden hair, and that was the only gold you would ever see in the cottages.

Well, the village would not have been much different from any other in Ireland, only at one time a wonderful thing happened there. And that was in the famine year, when hunger and fever went like two red wolves through the land.

Every morning the people woke in the little village they would say, "Well, things cannot be worse than they are now," but they always could. And so it was that every potato in the fields was blighted, and every cow in the barns died, except one, and that one had hard work to feed all the babies in the village, and the pride of it made her so vain that she got an attack of self-esteem and died, for it is a fatal disease to animals, though it never kills men.

Now, when the last cow died, sorrow black and unlifting lay over the green place in Ireland. And the men grieved for the women, and the women wept for their babies, and the babies cried for themselves.

Then an extraordinary thing happened, for as the women sat at their cottage door , with their hungry children round them, and their little weak babies held close to their thin breasts, there came walking down the village street the most wonderful cow in the world. Her horns were like polished ivory, and her satin skin flashed like red gold in the sun. She was clean, without a speck upon her. And as she walked the precious milk dropped from her full udder. Well, none of the women knew what to think when they saw her. But the little babies stretched out their hands to her and laughed, and their laughter was so sweet and loud that all the babies over the world laughed too, though, as they were the only ones who were able to hear it, and they could not speak, nobody ever knew what they were laughing at.

Well, when the mothers saw that there was no keeper with the cow, that it came all alone so slowly, stopping before each cottage, they rushed for their mugs and jugs to get her milk. And when the cow saw the women come towards her with the laughing babies at their breasts, and all the little hungry children behind them, she stopped quite still and gazed upon them with her big loving eyes. And the women came to her and filled the mugs and jugs, giving them to the children to drink, till they were satisfied. Then the men took the mugs and jugs, for the women grew weary milking, and the women drank till they were satisfied. When the women and children could no longer drink the men filled the mugs and jugs and drank till they could drink no more. All the time the cow stood still and never ceased to give her milk in plenty. Now when the people saw that the cow did not go dry with all they had taken from her, they guessed she was no common animal, but a fairy cow that had strayed from the fairy Rath that was just outside the village. And they were sure she would be gone from them next day. But though the night hid the cow the morning shone upon her, and there she was feeding in a field near the village church. And again the women came and drew the milk from her until they were satisfied, and the babies and men also, and yet the wonderful cow did not fail them, nor did her milk grow scarce.

So the little village was saved from starvation when the famine passed over the land. As for the children, they grew fatter and healthier every day, till there was not a county in Ireland could beat them for size and beauty. Still the fairy cow stayed with them and did not refuse her milk, and would have been there still, no doubt, only for a cruel thing

that happened to offend her. Now you all know, in every city, or town, or village in the world there lives a vain creature who wants to show how much cleverer she is than anybody else (and I don't believe in our town it's either you or me). But, anyway, there was such a person in that little green place in Ireland. She was a quiet, humble woman as long as poverty was on her, but no sooner did she grow more comfortable, and have less work to do, than she grew vain. And one day when the women were all sitting together, talking of the fairy cow and the wonder of her milk that had never failed, one woman said there was nothing the cow could not fill. Even if the sea were to dry up, she could let fall her milk into its basin, yet she herself would not be without milk. Now when the vain woman heard all this she rose from her seat, and said in a loud voice, "I have that at home which she can never fill, though she could fill the basin of the sea!"

Now all the women laughed at her, but she told them to follow her and they would see. And they all rose and went after her, wondering what she would do. Well, the vain woman went into her cottage and brought out a pail, and she went into the field where the cow was grazing, with all the women following after her, and laughing.

Well, when she reached the cow she sat herself down on a stone beside her, and began to milk with all her might. And as she milked the beautiful warm milk flowed through the pail on to the ground, for she had pierced the bottom full of holes. And the milk fell upon the grass so fast that soon a stream of it was running white through the field. When the other women saw what she had done, they laughed, and said they were beaten, and bid her leave off her milking. But the woman milked with all her might, till the stream became a river, flowing over the ground, and the cow was standing in the middle of it. Well, when she saw all the milk about her the fairy cow wondered, and turning round discovered the trick which had been played upon her. Then she lifted her head and gave three loud bellows, and, galloping up the village street towards the fairy Rath, she vanished and was seen no more.

Now, as she was passing the little babies stretched their arms after her, and wept. And their wailing was so loud that all the babies in the world cried too. Though as no one else could hear it, and as they could not speak, nobody ever guessed what they had been crying for.

A Fine Fellow

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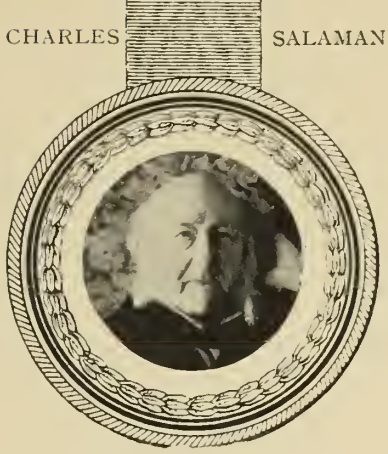
By Byam Shaw

# Ah! Gentle Nightingale




*Photographed by the late Eugene Oudin*

*Words by* BRANDON THOMAS. *Music by* CHARLES SALAMAN.

*p*

Ah! gen-tle night-in-gale, Hush thy poor song; Why pour so sad a tale
Night, with thy dusk-y veil, Steal o'er my heart; Moon, with thy glan-ces pale,

*pp* HARP. *dim.*

*cres.*

Night-winds a - long? Ah! gen-tle night-in-gale, Hush thy poor song; Why pour so
Soft - en Love's smart; Night, with thy dusk - y veil, Steal o'er my heart; Moon, with thy

sad a tale, Why pour so sad a tale Night-winds a - long?
glan - ces pale, Moon, with thy glances pale, Soft - en Love's smart.

*pp*

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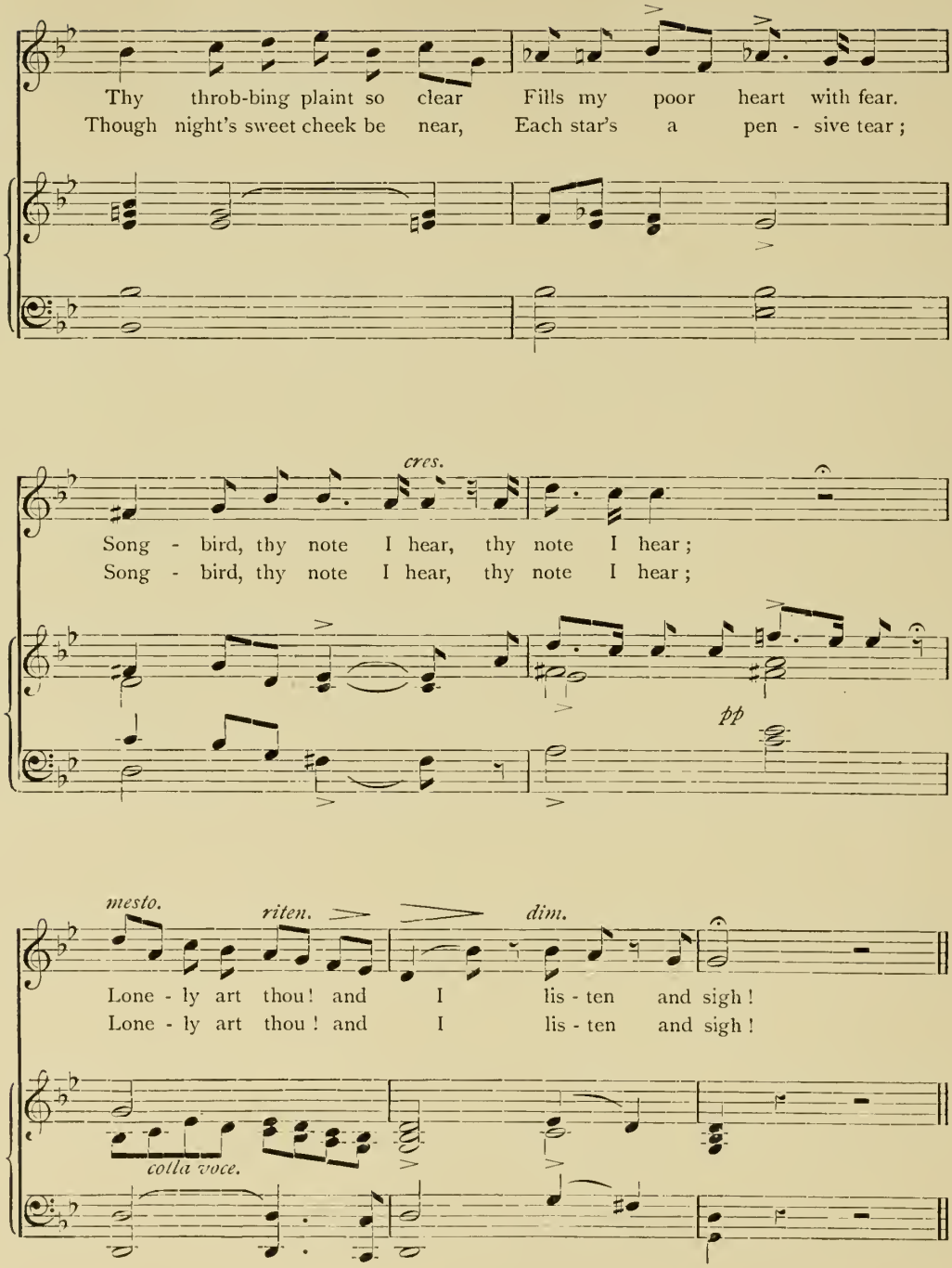
Thy throb-bing plaint so clear Fills my poor heart with fear.
Though night's sweet cheek be near, Each star's a pen - sive tear;
cres.
Song - bird, thy note I hear, thy note I hear;
Song - bird, thy note I hear, thy note I hear;
pp
mesto.
riten.
dim.
Lone - ly art thou! and I lis - ten and sigh!
Lone - ly art thou! and I lis - ten and sigh!
colla voce.

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Off the Lizard

By W. L. Wyllie

# Letter to a Friend

## (*Written when a Girl*)

Aspiring owl, I sometimes think I am,
Without brain-power to carry me up higher;
A minus-talent, meagre, mental sham,
Ambition-driven only to aspire.

I wonder why on earth I've not more sense
Than thus to be, as 'twere, ambition's tool,—
He wins at best a sorry recompense
Who labours hard to learn that he's a fool.

How kind 'twould be of you, who never seem
With self-doubt plagued, to look into my state,
And, finding me the powerless victim of a dream,
To tell me true you think me second-rate.

I'd throw aside my pen—at least I'd never
Write any more that's destined for the press;
And from that day my whole and sole endeavour
Would be to shine for beauty and for dress.

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An English Girl

By Louise Jopling

# Words for a Drawing by Hokusai

By

## Max Beerbohm

WHAT monster have we here? Who is he that sprawls thus, ventrirotund, against the huge oozing wine-skin? Wide his nose, narrowly-slit his eyes, and with little teeth he smiles at us through a beard of bright russet—a beard soft as the russet coat of a squirrel, and sprouting in several tiers according to the several chins that ascend behind it from his chest. Nude he is but for a few dark twists of drapery. One dimpled foot is tucked under him, the other cocked before him. With a bifurcated fist (such is his hand) he pillows the bald dome of his head. He seems to be very happy, sprawling here in the pale twilight. The wine oozes from the wine-skin, but he, replete, takes no heed of it. On the ground before him are a few almond-blossoms, blown there by the wind. He is snuffing their fragrance, I think.

Who is he? "He is Ho-Tei," you tell me; "the god of increase, god of the corn-fields and rice-fields, and patron of all little children in Japan—a blend of Dionysus and Santa Claus." So? Then his look belies him. He is far too fat to care for humanity, too gross to be divine. I suspect he is but some self-centred sage, whom Hokusai beheld with his own eyes in a devious corner of Yedo. A hermit he is, surely; one not more affable than Diogenes, yet wiser than he, being at peace with himself

and finding (as it were) the honest man without emerging from his own tub; a complacent Diogenes; a Diogenes who has put on flesh. Looking at him, one is reminded of that "over-swollen monster gourd" which to young Nevil Beauchamp and his Marquise, as they saw it from their river-boat, "hanging heavily down the bank on one greenish yellow cheek, in prolonged contemplation of its image in the mirror below," so sinisterly recalled M. le Marquis. But for us this "self-adored, gross bald Cupid" has no such symbolism, and we revel as whole-heartedly as he in his monstrous contours. "I *am* very beautiful," he seems to murmur. And we endorse the boast. At the same time, we transfer to Hokusai the credit which this glutton takes all to himself. It is Hokusai who made him beautiful, delineating his paunch in that one soft summary curve, and echoing it in the curve of the wine-skin that swells around him. Himself, as a living man, were too loathsome for words; but here, thanks to Hokusai, he is not less admirable than Pheidias' Hermes, or the Discobolus himself. Yes! Swathed in his abominable surplusage of bulk, he is as fair as any statue of astricted god or athlete that would suffer not at all by incarnation. . . .

Presently, we forget again that he is indeed unreal. He seems alive to us, and somehow he is still beautiful. "It is a beauty," like that of Mona Lisa, "wrought out from within upon the flesh, the" adipose "deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions." It is the beauty of real fatness—that fatness which comes from a temperament, and, in its turn, reacts on the temperament until soul and body are one deep harmony of fat; that fatness which gave us the geniality of Silenus, of the late Major O'Gorman; which soothes all nerves in its owner, and creates the earthy, truistic wisdom of Sancho Panza, of Francisque Sarcey; which makes a man selfish, because there is so much of him, and venerable because he seems to be a knoll of the very globe we live on, and lazy inasmuch as the form of government under which he lives is an absolute gastrocracy—the belly tyrannising over the members whom it used to serve, and wielding its power as unscrupulously as none but a promoted slave could use it. Such is the true fatness. It is not to be confounded with mere stoutness. Contrast with this Japanese sage that orgulous hidalgo who, in black velvet, defies modern Prussia from one of Velasquez's canvases in Berlin. Huge he is, and gross, and, so puffed his cheeks are that the light, cast up from below, strives vainly to creep over them to his eyes, like a tourist vainly striving to creep over

a boulder on a mountain-side. Yet he is not of the hierarchy of true fatness. He bears his bulk proudly, and would sit well any charger that were strong enough to bear him, and, if such a steed were not in stables, would walk the distance swingingly. He is a man of action, a fighter, an insolent dominator of men and women. In fact, he is merely a stout man —uniform with Porthos, and Arthur Orton, and Sir John Falstaff; spiced, like them, with charlatanism and braggadocio, and not the less a fine fellow for that. Indeed, such bulk as his and theirs is in the same kind as that bulk which, lesser in degree, is indispensable to greatness in practical affairs. No man, as Prince Bismarck declared, is to be trusted in statecraft until he can show a stomach. A lack of stomach betokens lack of mental solidity, of humanity, of capacity for going through with things; and these three qualities are essential to statesmanship. Poets and philosophers can afford to be thin—cannot, indeed, afford to be otherwise; inasmuch as poetry and philosophy thrive but in the clouds aloft, and a stomach ballasts you to earth. Such ballast the statesman must have. Thin statesmen may destroy, but construct they cannot; may achieve chaos, but cosmos never. Though Mephisto is always fat in Opera, none conceives the devil as fat. And this is because we believe him capable of mischief, but do not believe in an organised hell. It is an absolute rule that no man ever achieves positive creation except from the primary base of a stomach. You can reel off many instances to the contrary? The more, the better. There are some rules of which the examples are outnumbered by the exceptions, and, since exceptions are accepted as proofs, . . .

But why prate history, why evoke phantoms of the past, when we can gaze on this exquisitely concrete thing—this glad and simple creature of Hokusai? Let us emulate his calm, enjoy his enjoyment as he sprawls before us—*pinguis*, *iners*, *placidus*—in the pale twilight. Hush! Let us not seek to identify him as god or mortal, nor guess his character from his form. Rather, let us take him as he is: for all time the perfect type of fatness. Lovely and excessive monster! Monster immensurate! What belt could inclip him? What scales would not perish in the attempt to register his weight? What blade were long enough to prick the heart of him?

Hayston of Bucklaw

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*Contributed by Sir Henry Irving*

"Hayston of Bucklaw"

By Seymour Lucas

# "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner"

By

## Mrs. Thomas Henry Huxley

To all the gossip that I hear
  I'll give no faith; to what I see
But only half, for it is clear,
  All that led up is dark to me.
      Learn we the larger life to live,
      To comprehend is to forgive.

Bethink you, ours but knowledge scant
  Of all the fettering, tightening chain
Of circumstance—not virtuous rant,
  But pity fall in gentle rain.
      Learn we the larger life to live,
      To comprehend is to forgive.

But truth is truth—one pure white light!
  Ah! split the beam, how many hues,
In rainbows dipped, burst on the sight,
  Yet into one white beam they fuse.
      Learn we the larger life to live,
      To comprehend is to forgive.

One truth is made of many; so,
Did we the wondrous prism hold
Omniscience, thoughts divine would flow,
And love our fellow men enfold.
Learn we the larger life to live,
To comprehend is to forgive.

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"In the Barn"

By GEORGE CLAUSEN

# Dante as a Love Poet

*A Paper read before the Dante Society*

By

Kassandra Vivaria

SOMEWHERE about the year 1306 there died, in the little Umbrian town of Todi, an altogether charming, if little-known, poet of the early Franciscan school: Jacopo de Benedetti, or Fra Jacopone da Todi. Among other delicate and sagacious things, the lowly Brother of the Third Order of Saint Francis wrote the two following lines:

Dov' è piana la lettera
Non fare oscura glosa.

"Let not your comment be obscure where the letter is plain." I can see the whole of the primitive Franciscan's dislike of complicated forms, ecclesiastical sophistry, and unchristlike dialectics in these short lines; and they struck me as a very safe principle to go upon when I was sifting materials for this paper.

In a rapid recapitulation of Dante's qualities and idiosyncrasies as a love-poet, that is, as a poet who has both conceived and felt love in a personal way, and has expressed it with the ring of sincerity through a poetic medium, it is of little importance to consider other than, broadly speaking, three things: the matter, the form, and the causes of this portion

of his work. By these I mean his unconscious attitude towards the feeling he expresses with regard to the generally accepted notion of it, and with regard to the feeling as conceived by others; the beauty and adequacy of his expression of this feeling, and the several influences, from within, from without, anterior and contemporary, that have helped to bring about both the attitude of heart and the attitude of intellect that have made it poetry.

When we begin attempting to find our way through the *Vita Nuova* and the *Canzoniere*, remembering the stern shadowy man of visions, divided between those prejudices of his time which he still shared and those which had dropped away from him; thrown back into the solitude of his own thoughts, memories, and regrets by the injustice of enemies and his distrust of most among those who called themselves his friends; remembering the heart-sore wanderer bitten by melancholy that life and his fellow beings had made of Dante in after-life, the first thing which becomes apparent is not only the deep difference between the man as we see him and the man as he might have been, but the fact that a great deal of all this is traceable, by his own revelation, to the sorrowful love of his youth. There can be but little sincerity and still less inspiration for good or for evil in a passion that has come and gone in us like a slack wind blowing from a colourless land neither barren nor fruitful, bringing nothing and leaving nothing behind. Thus, the changes in the features of Dante's personality, carved there as by a merciless chisel, prove the sincerity and the inspiring power of Dante's love and, indeed, the very existence of Beatrice Portinari—once strenuously denied and mistaken for the peg of an allegory by some, who, among other reasons, imagined they were thereby giving a greater impression of loftiness concerning the mind, and greater lustre to the halo, of the Divine Poet. God forgive them for their misunderstanding, for their misleading attempt at finding greater purity and nobility elsewhere than in greater and intenser humanity.

What I have just said, of course, brings us to the conclusion that one of the reasons why Dante's love-poetry is on a plane altogether different from, and superior to, that of his contemporaries must surely be that his love meant more to him than theirs did to them; that it was always, down to its slightest detail of expression, a *living*, I mean a *human*, thing that imposed itself on his Muse and directed it, and was never a graceful *necessity* of his poetic genius. The love-poetry of so many among his contemporaries and his successors is often a vast and luxuriant growth

that has sprung from a very small germ. If we read the verses written for Giovanna, Selvaggia, and Fiammetta, for instance, by Cavalcanti, Cino da Pistoja, and Boccaccio, they will strike us inevitably as inspired rather by the desire of writing a love-poem round a graceful thought or the passing of a not very deep emotion, than by the impulse of an unconquerable passion for one woman which had long clamoured for expression. Accident quite as much as personal devotion has placed those particular poems at the feet of those particular women. We find that love-poetry was often the product of a turn of mind in the men that wrote it, of the habits of the polite society of the time. It was much less often the product of any deep impression left on the heart and life of a poet by the woman who was to him the chosen and the only one. In those ringing, fighting, stirring, unsettled, gruesome yet light-hearted times, when the certainty of heaven for the sinless, and easy repentance for the sinful, made the conscience of man a pleasanter and a safer thing to live with than it was in the later days of settled doubt. In the times when the present was wild and exciting, and the deep things of the hereafter better known and more familiar, owing to the revelations of the saints, than the affairs of one's relations in the next townships—it was as much the generally expected thing for poets to write love-songs as it is, in our own day, for the ordinary minor poet to sing a calumny of life, and entertain us with puzzling metrical descriptions of his unimportant despairs. Although both may be very charming as verse, which is perhaps, after all, the only thing that is required of them, yet the love-poems of Dante's period stand to *love* in exactly the same relation as the discontented verses of the young—sometimes quite happy and athletic—modern poet of the second order stand to the ethics of life.

Compare the opening lines of the following Ballata of Guido Cavalcanti's in the exquisite translation of Dante Rossetti :

> Within a copse I met a shepherd-maid,
> More fair, I said, than any star to see.
> She came with waving tresses pale and bright,
> With rosy cheek, and loving eyes of flame,
> Guiding the lambs beneath her wand aright.
> Her naked feet still had the dews on them,
> As, singing like a lover, so she came:
> Joyful, and fashioned for all ecstasy,

with the grave refinement of a feeling that has sunk into the depths of a deep nature, in the XIIIth Sonnet of the *Vita Nuova :*

My lady carries love within her eyes;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter;
Upon her path men turn to gaze at her:
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
And of his evil heart is then aware;
Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshipper.
O women, help to praise her in somewise.
Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,
By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
And who beholds is blessèd oftenwhiles.
The look she hath when she a little smiles
Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought,
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

Then compare this "Canzone" of Cino da Pistoja on the death of Selvaggia Vergiolesi:

Ay me, alas! the beautiful bright hair
That shed reflected gold
O'er the green growths on either side the way:
Ay me! the lovely look, open and fair,
Which my heart's core doth hold
With all else of that best-remembered day;
Ay me! the face made gay
With joy that Love confers;
Ay me! that smile of hers
Where whiteness as of snow was visible
Among the roses at all seasons red!
Ay me! and was this well,
O Death! to let me live when she is dead?

with the Xth Sonnet of the *Vita Nuova*:

The thoughts are broken in my memory,
Thou lovely Joy, whene'er I see thy face;
When thou art near me, Love fills up the space,
Often repeating, "If death irk thee, fly."
My face shows my heart's colour, verily,
Which fainting, seeks for any leaning-place;
Till, in the drunken terror of disgrace,
The very stones seem to be shrieking, "Die!"
It were a grievous sin, if one should not
Strive then to comfort my bewildered mind
(Though merely with a simple pitying)
For the great anguish which thy scorn has wrought
In the dead sight o' the eyes grown nearly blind,
Which look for death as for a blessed thing.

The little lamp of Dante's contemporaries owes the little gleam we still catch of it in the enshrouding darkness of the Middle Ages almost exclusively to their poetic instinct—which is a very great thing. But the steady light of the *Vita Nuova* owes its enduring quality both to the instinct of its poet and to the qualities of the original fire that kindled it, which is a still greater thing. I think that if there had been no such women as Giovanna, Selvaggia, Fiammetta, or even Laura, we should still have the few surviving works of the poets who sang for them, inscribed to some other woman—to any fair woman. But I should very much doubt whether, had there been no fair daughter of Folco Portinari, there would ever have been a *Vita Nuova.*

At the risk of repeating myself, or over-emphasising what must be quite apparent by now, I should like to lay especial stress on this fact, that the beauty of Dante's love-poetry rests quite as much on the beauty of his soul, on the beauty of the inspiring love of that soul, as on the delicacy of his expression or the purity of his form. That which we call the soul of a human being can only be beautiful with the beauty of those things which give it joy or pain; and it is easy to see at a glance, by inference and by the evidence of his own work, the morally æsthetic value of this love of Dante's youth, that never left him, that followed, tormented, upheld, reproached and inspired him, rising from one plane to the other until he had made it worthy of its own apotheosis in the *Paradiso*, guided by the determination and the "new perception" that closes the tale, the *autopsychology*—as Rossetti calls it—of that first phase of his love.

> Beyond the sphere which spreads to widest space
> Now soars the sigh that my heart sends above;
> A new perception born of grieving Love
> Guideth it upward the untrodden ways.

He himself has told us the birth of the maturer work that was to enshrine her memory:

"After writing this sonnet, it was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision: wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can; as she well knoweth. Wherefore if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath

not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance, 'Who is blessed throughout all ages.'"

Among the many characteristics of Dante's great love for Beatrice there are some in such striking contrast with the usual passions that most poets have exposed to our contemplation in unforgettable verse, qualities, too, in such contrast with the hollow spirit of exaggeration, rampant even then in his native country, and perhaps born of the insincerity to which I have alluded, that the spirit of it comes to those who are gasping for fresh air, stifled by artificialities that have been forced upon them, until they can really feel it no longer like a breeze from a wood full of violets. If I were asked what I thought these especial qualities consisted of, I should say that Dante's effusions are more humble and yet more courageous, more restrained and yet more tender, than almost any other poetic utterance at all glowing with the flame of life that has dealt with love: love which he has aptly called, 'the fountain of fair speech.'

There is no trace of assurance in all his love-poems; he asks nothing in return for his great gift; the homage of his verse seems the least that he can offer to his gentle lady; he stretches out no greedy left hand for the price of the poem he is penning with his right, in which he bequeathes to her an unsoiled immortality. The fact of loving is the only joy to which he has any right; he will neither molest, tempt, nor disturb, but he bids his song

> Say to her also: "Lady, his poor heart
> Is so confirmed in faith
> That all his thoughts are but of serving thee:
> 'Twas early thine, and could not swerve apart."
> Then, if she wavereth,
> Bid her ask Love, who knows if these things be.
> And in the end, beg of her modestly
> To pardon so much boldness: saying too—
> "If thou declare his death to be thy due,
> The thing shall come to pass, as doth behove."

And if the love of Dante has all the lowliness of religious worship, it also has all the courage, the powerful resistance, giving it nerve for the accomplishment of Life's daily actions that a meaner affection might not have had. While he sighs for the love of the Beatrice whom he has lost,

and later, mourns her death, while he asks, "All ye that pass along Life's trodden way" to "pause awhile and say if there be any grief like unto mine," nevertheless, even in the one-sidedness of his earliest youth, of which the *Vita Nuova* was the first product, not only does his nature bear no trace of devastation but he does not even pretend that his sorrow will ultimately crush him, and he constantly rises from each poem with a renewed sense of something further to accomplish.

Then again, when we think of the nauseating exaggerations, the hyperbolic terms, the overweening luxuriousness, so often called wealth of fancy, that weaken the love-effusions of so many later poets, how can we sufficiently admire, how can we cultivate sufficient respect for, the quiet dignity and steady truthfulness that cling to Dante's tenderest words? If we lay aside beauty of poetic imagery and art of expression, and consider only delicacy of feeling, and that kind of contained ardour that weaves a web of adoration round the beloved one, what can surpass the sonnet, one of Dante's best known sketches of Beatrice and the effect of her presence upon him, beginning :

> So goodly and so seemly doth appear
> My Lady, when she doth a greeting bring,
> That tongue is stayed, silent and quivering,
> And eye adventures not to look on her.

And, if we consider that the gift of happy words, of cadence, of instinctive choice and apt rejection, are Dante's in a supreme degree, especially in his minor works, shall we be accused of partiality, if we place him among the very first of those very few who have both known what love was and could write of it in such a manner as to unite style and form to their expression of a passion that had in them no undue emphasis and yet was not stilted, that poured through them into their lines a wealth of tenderness and yet was not grotesque. Dante has known the wisdom of restraint, perhaps because of the sincerity of his feeling that made it sacred, and, because of that wisdom and that restraint, he has done what the thing we call a sense of humour ought to have suggested to so many love-poets, less great than himself: he has done what his own words point out to us :

> And thus it is that I, being like as one
> Who is ashamed and hides his poverty,
> Without seem full of glee,
> And let my heart within travail and moan.

# Dante as a Love Poet

The last thing I am going to say about the sentiment that runs like a golden connecting thread through the love poems of Dante, is that his inimitable quality of tenderness is perhaps the one that comes nearer home to the more self-centred spirits of our day, the one that sets his work apart more than any other from the fiercely egotistical character that the necessary solitude of mind and the ever-increasing individualistic tendency of modern times have imparted to latter-day love poetry. I know of nothing that quite rivals the gentle sympathy, the unquestioning and spontaneous dividing of another's grief, of that passage where Dante describes himself receiving the news of the death of Beatrice Portinari's father and his grief at her grief.

"Not many days after this (it being the will of the Most High God, who also from Himself put not away death), the father of wonderful Beatrice, going out of this life, passed certainly into glory. Thereby it happened, as of very sooth it might not be otherwise, that this lady was made full of the bitterness of grief; seeing that such a parting is very grievous unto those friends who are left, and that no other friendship is like to that between a good parent and a good child; and furthermore considering that this lady was good in the supreme degree, and her father (as by many it hath been truly averred) of exceeding goodness. And because it is the usage of that city that men meet with men in such a grief, and women with women, certain ladies of her companionship gathered themselves unto Beatrice, where she kept alone in her weeping; and as they passed in and out, I could hear them speak concerning her, how she wept. At length two of them went by me, who said: 'Certainly she grieveth in such sort that one might die for pity, beholding her.' Then, feeling the tears upon my face, I put up my hands to hide them; and had it not been that I hoped to hear more concerning her (seeing that where I sat, her friends passed continually in and out), I should assuredly have gone thence to be alone, when I felt the tears come. But as I still sat in that place, certain ladies again passed near me, who were saying among themslves: 'Which of us shall be joyful any more, who have listened to this lady in her piteous sorrow?' And there were others who said as they went by me: 'He that sitteth here could not weep more if he had beheld her as we have beheld her;' and again! 'He is so altered that he seemeth not as himself.' And still as the ladies passed to and fro, I could hear them speak after this fashion of her and of me."

# The May Book

The literature of modern love might well deserve at times, when it is not the literature of suspicion, of everything that is trenchant and of everything that is unjust, to be called the literature of hatred. With Heine, with Baudelaire, any of whose poems chosen at haphazard would exemplify what I mean, with a dozen others who echo the weary modern heart-note with the same acoustic fidelity, most of us are well acquainted. There are others in this century, even in this country, magnificent poets, whose view of love, at least the view which they turn to the public, would make the grave, simple Beatrice and the serene, faithful Dante shudder in their graves with horror. It is not the poets who are to blame, but the heavy, labyrinthian heart made of the essence of centuries that the wicked fairy gave us as a christening gift. I have in mind one or two fragments which, from having been written in the very land of Dante, seem all the more illustrative of the latter's gentle conception of love. The following are exceedingly rough and unmetrical translations :

Now, only now I rise from my cowardly oblivion,
  Bursting my bonds at last.
I rise ashamed of myself and of my love;
  I rise and scorn you.

Now you may say, it such be your sweet will,
  That I have wept for you alone;
By you alone conquered, bowed down and humbled,
I for my part lashing you in my undaunted song
  Will tell how vile you are.

*  *  *  *

When you shall sleep forgotten
  Under the fat moist earth,
And you will have God's cross planted
  Erect upon your coffin.

When your cheeks shall fall melted
  Between your shaking teeth,
And the worms shall crawl
  Into your empty sockets.

To you, that sleep which is peace for all others
  Shall only be a torture,
And then remorse shall come, cold and tenacious,
  And it shall bite your brain.

And when you shall say, "Why do you bite,
  Pouring poison in the wound?"
I shall answer, "Have you forgotten
  The beauty of your hair?"

# Dante as a Love Poet

And my verses shall be the pillory
Where you shall sit condemned
To undying ignominy,
To pains that will make you envy
The pains of hell.

And my revenge shall plant your shame
Like a seal between your eyes.

The above are extracts from a volume of love-poems of a by-no-means unrepresentative author of modern Italy. How far indeed has life led the children of Dante from the broad simple harmony of lines like

My lady carries love within her eyes;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter.

If, then, the poetry of many who have come since Dante has been turned, perhaps, by the ever-increasing difficulties of the struggle for individual existence, by an inevitable hankering after an often misunderstood sense of individual liberty and grossly misunderstood sense of individual personality, into the poetry of bitter resentment, obscure antagonism, often of hatred, Dante's love-poetry breathes pre-eminently that spirit of love which is called Charity. And this brings me to the necessity of saying a few words more in order to trace one of the principal influences that determined Dante's attitude of heart and mind. And I am the more tempted to dwell on the subject from the fact of its being connected with a period, a movement, and a luminous train of associations that are full of indefinable charm.

Dante was born in the full glow of that fire of charity re-lit in the lukewarm Church, and spread like wild-fire through the Catholic world, after the manner of all those sudden growths that satisfy a hungry need, by St. Francis, and tended like a delicate flower full of fragrance and honey, by St. Clare of Assisi. The glamour of the early Franciscan Chronicles, so near to Nature and to truth, with their overpowering gift of charity and of poetry and their love of the "great Dame Poverty;" the gaunt burning figure of St. Francis himself, still within the memory of all and yet already legendary, covered the whole of Italy like a veil and permeated it like an atmosphere. No pagan conception of Beauty or of Love could have appealed to Dante; and yet the great inquiring soul of that seer of visions could never have been satisfied by the superficial, if graceful forms of chivalrous love that he saw around him; still less could

he have been attracted by the brutality and triumph of mere strength that must often have been the concrete fact into which all those dainty phrases and chivalrous graces resolved themselves. We realise what the influence of the first Franciscans, still alive with the zeal of their father's great spirituality, fed on the blood that flowed from his Heaven-sent stigmata, still in the poetic springtide of their simplicity, must have been over the quiet, haughty, sensitive, precocious child, already burning at a very early age with a spark of the same fire that dwelt in the strange heart of the Saint who sang the *Cantico a Frate Sole*, that lyric of almost Hebrew beauty called the Canticle of Created Things. Most touchingly is that great conflagration of Charity caused by one single heart told in the Little Flowers:

"St. Clare had an extreme desire of once partaking of food with St. Francis, and very often she begged him to allow her, but never would he grant her this consolation. For this reason, his companions, knowing the desire of St. Clare, thus spoke to Francis: 'Father, it seems to us that this sternness is not according to Divine Charity. Why will you not satisfy Sister Clare, who is a holy Virgin and so dear to God, in so small a thing as sharing a repast with you, particularly if you consider that it was because of your preaching that she abandoned her wealth and the pomp of the world? In all truth, if even she asked of you a greater grace than this, you should grant it to your spiritual daughter.' Then St. Francis answered: 'Do you think then that I should satisfy her?' His companions answered: "Yes, Father; it is a just thing that you should grant her this grace and consolation.' Then St. Francis said: 'If such is your advice, it is mine also; but in order that she may be still more consoled, the repast must be spread in Santa Maria degli Angioli, because it is already a long time that she has been cloistered at San Damiano. It will be a great joy to her to see Santa Maria degli Angioli where she was veiled and made the bride of Jesus Christ, and we will eat here together in the name of God.'

"The appointed day having come, St. Clare left the convent with one companion, followed by the companions of St. Francis, and came to Santa Maria degli Angioli. She devoutly saluted the Virgin Mary before the altar where her hair had been shorn off and the veil had been given her. Then they took her to visit the convent till it should be time for their repast, and during that time St. Francis caused the food to be spread on the naked earth according to his custom.

"And the hour for the partaking of food having come, they sat down together, St. Francis and St. Clare and one of the companions of St. Francis with a companion of St. Clare; then all the other companions of St. Francis drew near humbly.

"And it came to pass that at the first course St. Francis began speaking of God in a manner so suave, so sublime, and so marvellous, that Divine Grace poured down upon them in abundance, and they were all ravished in God.

"And while they were thus ravished, their hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, the people of Assisi and of Bettona and all the neighbouring people saw that Santa Maria degli Angioli was on fire, and likewise the convent and the woods that were then near the convent, and it seemed to them that a great conflagration had seized the church, the convent and the woods together, so that the men of Assisi ran in that direction in great haste to put out the fire, thinking that all was burning. But when they arrived at the convent, they found that nothing was burning. They entered, and they saw St. Francis with St. Clare and all their company ravished in the contemplation of God as they sat round their humble table. At that sight they understood without further hesitating that it was a Divine and not a material fire which God had miraculously caused to appear, so as to show forth and signify the fire of Divine Love that inflamed the souls of those holy friars and holy sisters, and they left them there, taking away great consolation in their hearts and holy edification.

"Then, after a long space of time, St. Francis, St. Clare, and their companions, once more returning to themselves and feeling fortified by their spiritual nourishment, gave no more thought to the nourishment of their body."

The embers of the great fire that inflamed the woods of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that burnt between the seas and the sky of the privileged peninsula like the glow hidden in the heart of two great sapphires, had not yet died out when the Divine poet was born. No wonder that he turned to it like the men of Assisi; no wonder that the element of unreality in him was attracted to that fulcrum of mysticism; no wonder that his strong, direct, yet tender spirit was attracted by the shape and the manner and the impalpably surviving breath of those who had produced the *Cantico a Frate Sole*, who had made their brothers and sisters of the innocent wild beasts of the woods and of the green things of the earth.

The embers of the great fire out of which came the *Vita Nuova* have not died out yet. Although it is generally detrimental to one's sense of things beautiful, to one's general sense of enjoyment of poetic things, to cultivate a mania for obscure meanings and teachings which the artist in his pure artistic effort never meant to impart, yet I cannot help thinking, after this dip into the inner workings of a high mind, after this glimpse into the gentleness of a strong nature, that it would not be bad if the spirit that Dante exhales in his love-poems were to brush past us again, leaving something behind it. I cannot help thinking that it would do much for the ugly dryness and undue, misdirected, and often perfectly useless egotism of this age, to take an occasional leaf out of the love-book and the great heart of Dante Alighieri.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dorothy

By Mortimer Menpes

# The Coming of Marguerite

## (For a Little Girl's Birthday)

When father and mother went to buy
A little girl up in the sky,
An angel bade them take their choice
Of many little girls and boys.
They really didn't want a boy,
They thought a girl was sweeter far,
O yes! a hundred times more sweet,—
Though they were tempted very sore
By a most cunning little lad,
Who since has come to live next door,
And often plays with Marguerite.

Yes! Marguerite—for though they took
Quite a long time to look and look,—
For you can easily understand
You don't buy little girls off hand!—
They very soon made up their mind
And thus was Marguerite assigned,
And sent, celestial express,
To her terrestrial address.

# The May Book

'Tis seven years ago to-day—
For Marguerite to-day is seven—
Since Marguerite came down from heaven:
She cried a little, leaving there,
But the angel said she needn't care,
Because where she was going to,
It was a kind of heaven too;
And, though it is so long ago
Since Marguerite came in the snow,
I think if I should need to ask
The way to heaven any day,—
Well, I'd ask Marguerite the way.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Summer Hour

By G. P. Jacomb-Hood

U

# The Soul's Discovery

I HAVE found Thee, O God!
Not in cold temples made with human hands,
But in the broad beneficence of skies,
And in the flowering-time of meadow lands.

I have heard Thy Voice,
Not in the pauses of a priestly prayer,
But in the tender whispering of the leaves,
And in the daily breathings of the air.

I have felt Thy Touch,
Not in the rush of world's delight or gain,
But in heart-breaking agony and tears,
And in the slow pulsations of strong pain.

I have known Thy Love,
Not when earth's flattering friends around me smiled,
But in deep solitude of desolate days,—
Then wast Thou very gentle with Thy child!

# The May Book

I have seen Thy Face,
Not only in the Great Light of the Cross,
But through the darkness of forgotten graves
And in the dawning recompense of loss.

Yea, I have found Thee, God!
Thy breath doth fill me with a fire divine,—
And were a thousand worlds like this my foes,
The battle would be brief—the victory, mine!

MARIE CORELLI.

*February* 14, 1901

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Contributed by Marion H. Spielmann*

Study of a Kitten

By HENRIETTE RONNER

# Lost Fairy Tales

By

## Evelyn Sharp

I PROTESTED, with more or less firmness, but no one took me seriously. This was not surprising, considering that by a quaint trick of circumstance I found myself in the midst of a shooting party bent on killing; and I only wonder that I met with as much tolerance as I did. There were so many things that might have been said to me—the usual things, of course—things that never yet convinced a woman, nor, for that matter, ever made a man a sportsman either. The question of sport depends so much upon the point of view that it must of necessity remain untouched by argument; and my shooting party knew that. So it neither scoffed nor took me seriously, but just left the subject alone—which was a treatment my hostess entirely declined to extend to myself.

"You must come," she urged; "it isn't half so bad as you think. And it is wonderful how soon one gets used to it!"

"I'm not sure that I want to get used to it," I said, rather unhappily. I had an uncomfortable feeling that I was merely behaving like a coward, as I always do behave when it comes to facing this subject of killing things for fun. The fact that the gentlest-hearted men one knows always kill things for fun is upsetting, too, to one's theories.

"I used to feel just as you do," continued my hostess, sympathetically. "*Now* I don't mind a bit."

My hostess is a woman who would be unhappy for a week if she heard that somebody in another county underfed his dogs. I looked at her as she cheerfully made her last remark, and felt more convinced than ever that this love of sport was a thing beyond my understanding. It seemed as though some people must have a dumb spot in their sensibilities, like the blind spot in most people's sight. I gave it up at last, and offered no resistance to my tempter's final plea.

"It will be beautiful in the woods to-day," she said, coaxingly.

Whether a sort of feeling that death lay behind it all helped the effect of the woods by its grim contrast, I do not know; but it would have been difficult to imagine a more fairy-finished picture than the one that met us, when we walked up the green slope towards the brown and ruddy fringe along the crest of it. We had not joined the men till after lunch, so the day had had time to ripen. The sun slanted through the trees at us, as we came up the hill, and painted the leaves a deeper red than the autumn had already done. There was a beauty everywhere that held one breathless. The wood itself was stilled by it, and not so much as a rustle disturbed the hush in the air as we assembled on the edge of the brushwood—eight of us with guns to break the spell of it all.

I was handed over to one of the party, who declared for my comfort that he never killed anything—a promise he afterwards entirely failed to fulfil—and we went across and stood where the trees ended, on the further side of the covert. The same curious hush settled down upon everything as soon as we got away from the others; and I caught myself growing nervously impatient for the very thing I dreaded to see.

"Perhaps," I suggested, in faint hopefulness, "there will not be anything to kill, after all."

The wood sent back a piteous answer to my hope. The wonderful stillness was rent all at once by an outburst of hideous yells. Louder and louder grew the turmoil, as the line of beaters swept ruthlessly on towards us; and little clatters of shot, now on one side, now on the other, marked the result of their attack on the brushwood. Then my companion, who had been casually talking to me through all the noise and clamour, suddenly sprang on the alert.

What followed was so swift and bewildering that events seemed to lose their coherence. A whir overhead, a gun that flashed to left and

right, a flicker of loose feathers across the blue; then a thud—two thuds—quite near; it was just that, and no more. Yet there was more; for death lay on the grass in two red-gold spots of colour. The autumn was lavish with its paint-brush this afternoon.

"It wasn't so bad as you expected, was it?" some one said to me, when we all met, a minute later.

I found myself laughing reassuringly. The truth was that I could not contradict what was said. It was not nearly so bad as I had expected. The discovery annoyed me a little; it puzzled me dreadfully, too, but I could not explain it away. There lay the two dead pheasants; I had actually seen them shot as they made their wild dash for freedom. Yet it did not seem to matter. The justifiable whipping of a dog had often mattered far more; so had the scolding of a child. It was all very confusing. I wondered vaguely whether I had happened at last upon the dumb spot in my sensibilities.

In the next drive I followed my hostess and her husband. We walked with the beaters, and the birds did not come our way much. Suddenly a startled rabbit joggled through the underwood on our left. It reached the open just ahead of us, and stood there panting, as if the noise and clatter bearing down upon it from behind made a confusion in its brain that was paralysing. Then the beaters came up with it, and the small grey beast was driven across the path in a panic. But it had scarcely made a couple of leaps in its frantic race for shelter before it pulled itself up with a jerk, so abruptly that it pitched right forward on its head. I suppose there was a shot, but I did not hear it; I only noticed that sudden pitch forward, as the scurrying animal tried to escape. Afterwards, it recovered its balance sufficiently to scrape itself along a few inches further with its front paws; then it gave up the attempt with a kind of sob, and rolled over—a little quivering morsel of woodland charm.

Then I knew how much the dumb spot in my sensibilities was worth. I knew why I had not minded seeing the pheasants die. Pheasants are the mushroom lords of the wood; it is not theirs by birthright, they do not even make an honest living out of it. They are mere aristocrats who have been put there to be ultimately shot at, and are fed in return for their complaisance; they have no business to object if their artificial life is ended by an artificial death.

But rabbits are a different matter altogether. Nobody has ever made

a bargain with *them;* they expect nothing from anybody except the permission to live. They take what comes, and are inordinately humble about it; when there is food they eat it, when there is none they starve just as uncomplainingly. They are absurd little beasts enough, but the poetry as well as the humour of the wood is theirs; they know all the secrets of it, all the things we pretend to know, the things that make dreams and stories and poetry. It is much more than inhuman to kill them; it is an impertinence. The pitiable little creature, waiting over there in the long grass for the dogs to fetch it, had probably taken away with it a better fairy story than will ever be written down.

"You won't feel bad about the pheasants now that you have got over the first shock!" my hostess was assuring me.

I turned my back on the small grey spot in the grassy path, and sighed for a lost fairy tale.

"No," I answered truthfully; "I shall not feel bad about the pheasants."

# By Farcalladen Moor

"You'll travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother in the glen,
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses then—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

"You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry foam,
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild swans as they roam;
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your father's home—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

"New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces on you smile;
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll long for us the while;
For the word across the water, and the farewell by the stile—
For the true hearts here, my darlin'!

"You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky,
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be grand and high;
But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a child, you used to lie—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

# By Farcalladen Moor

"And when your foot is weary, and when your heart is sore,
And you come back to the moor that spreads beyand your father's door,
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet you on the shore,
Whin you're comin' back, my darlin'!

"You'll stoop to kiss the heather, you will stand and bless the sun,
And you'll whisper through the morning that your travel is all done—
Don't falter and turn cold, dear, if answer there be none,
At your comin' back, my darlin'!

"For the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it cannot hide
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or tide;
And though you cannot hear us, we'll be standin' by your side—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

"O, there's no home like the old home, there's no pillow like the breast
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young bird in the nest—
We are livin' still and waitin', and we're hopin' for the best—
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'!"

GILBERT PARKER.

[NOTE.—Three verses of the above were originally published in "Pierre and His People."—G. P.]

# My Father's Palace

" In Zanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

COLERIDGE.

*Sketched by* H.R.H. PRINCE PURACHATRA OF SIAM

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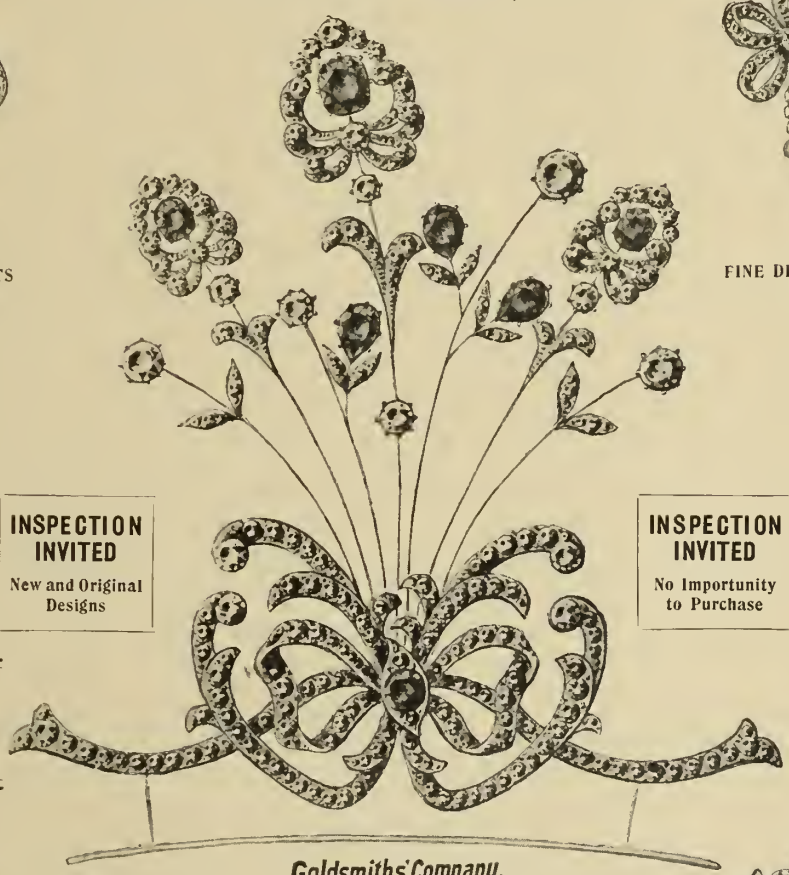

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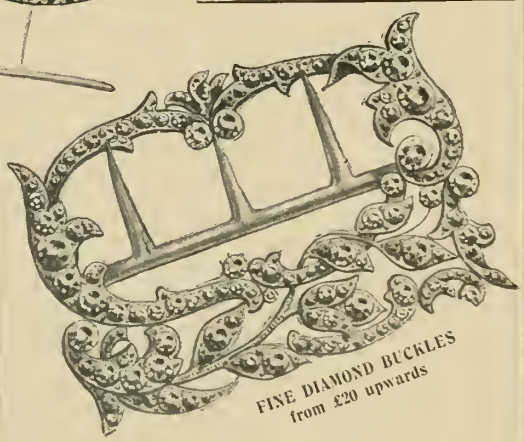

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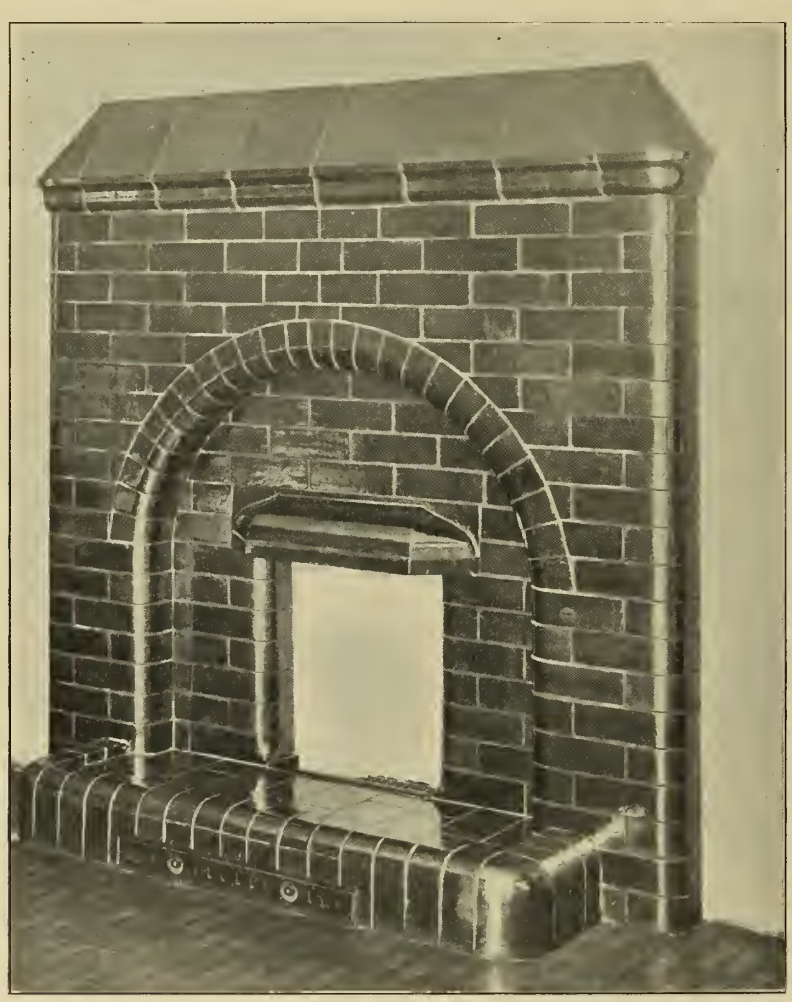

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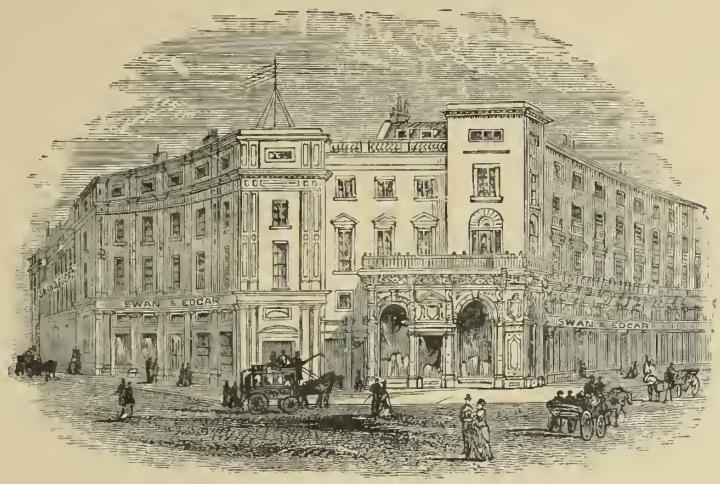


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## OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall die.

The hand of the king that sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wander'd in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoy'd the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

They died—ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road—

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Here hath been dawning Another blue day: Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away?—T. CARLYLE.

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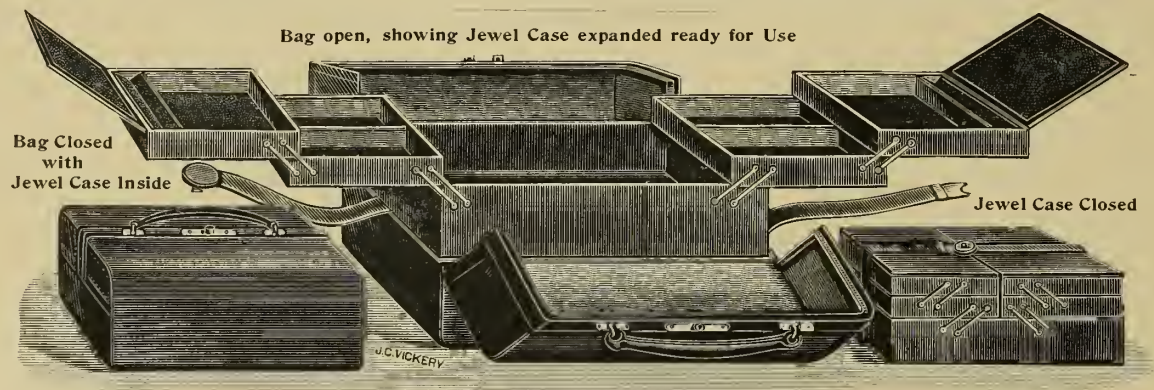


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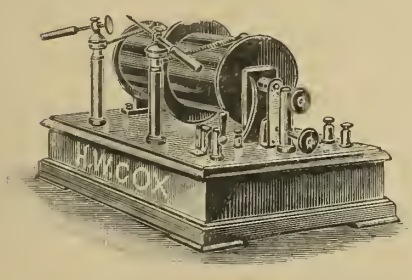


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